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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Poetry.

YOUTH AND SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Summer's full of golden things!
Youth it weareth angels' wings!
Youth and love go forth together,
In the green-leaved summer weather,
Filled with gladness!

Summer, rich in joy it is,
Like a poet's dream of bliss;
Like unto some heavenly clime!
For the earth, in summer time,
Doth not wear the shade of sadness!

Radiant youth, thou art ever new!
Thine's the light, the rose's hue;
Flower's perfume, and winds that stir,
Like a stringed dulcimer,
All the forest!

Joyous youth! thou art fresh and fair,
Wild as wildest bird of air;
Thou, amidst thy ringing laughter,
Look'st not forward, look'st not after,
Knowing well that joy is surest!

Brighter than the brightest flowers,
Dancing down the golden hours;
Thus it is in every land;
Youth and love go hand in hand,
Linked forever!

Youth, thou never dost decay!
Summer, thou dost not grow gray!
We may sleep with death and time,
But sweet youth and summer's prime
From the green earth shall not sever!

The Standard.

CONSUL TRIST'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Since the last session of Congress, two large volumes have appeared, containing documents printed by their order; one on the alleged malpractices of N. P. Trist, the American Consul at Havana, in conniving at the prostitution of the American flag to the purposes of the Spanish slave-traders; and the other on the search or seizure, by British cruizers, of American vessels on the coast of Africa. We heartily wish that the intelligent and honest people of the Commercial States of this country could be fully apprized of the facts which are developed in these documents. We think even our Salem friends, who seem to feel a peculiar exasperation from the interruption of some of their merchantmen on the African coast, would acknowledge that the annoyance they suffer is rather to be charged to our own government and its agents, than to a disposition on the part of Great Britian, or her officers, to interfere with their lawful pursuits.

The leading fact in the case is, that nearly the whole of the African slave trade,—a trade now carried on at the expense of 350,000 human victims yearly,—is conducted under the flag of the United States. In the language adopted by Mr. Fox, the British minister, in his letter to Mr. Forsyth of Oct. 30, 1839, "The coast swarms with vessels apparently American," engaged in the slave trade,—"the flag of the United States has been so extensively employed in the slave trade, that it is now met with in every slave-haunt on the coast."

This fact is no where denied on behalf of this country, and it forms, to say the least, a strong extenuation of the conduct of the British cruizers in respect to the seizures on the slave coast, which have recently excited so much indignation among our eastern neighbors. Mistakes will occur; and such has been the course of our government, and its officers, in conniving at these practices, that the merchants of Salem must not be surprized that their vessels should be judged by the company they keep. Every American ship on the African coast may fairly be presumed to be a pirate. If any suspicious circumstances, in addition, are present, as in the recent case of the Tigris, to heighten this presumption, our vessels cannot expect to escape search, and, perhaps, seizure.

As many of our readers may not comprehend how, with the existing laws of the United States against the slave trade, this abuse can be practiced with impunity, it should be understood that, in the language of Mr. Fox, in his letter before alluded to—

"Through the persevering efforts of Great Britain, nearly all Christians, with the exception of the United States, have been induced to engage in a common league for the suppression of the trade. Most of the maritime Powers have now conceded the right of search, under due regulations, to her Majesty's cruizers; and new conventions, negotiated with foreign governments, are every day adding to the extent of the combination. The miscreants who drive the detested traffic in human beings are thus gradually losing their former protections, and are betaking themselves to the remaining flag whose protection can avail them. Spanish, Portuguese, and Brazilian slave-traders, with outlaws and pirates of all nations, are now flocking under the cover of the American flag."

Bearing it in mind, then, that the United States government will neither keep an efficient force on the slave coast, to put down the trade carried on under her own flag, nor concede the right of search to other powers animated with a sincere desire to stop it, the rest of the process may be readily inferred.

1. A ship designed for the slave trade is built in the United States—(*no doubt built on foreign account.*)

2. She however takes an American register, and is brought to Havana.

3. The crew are discharged, and another American master is appointed to her.

4. The new master ships another crew, and the vessel, with her original register, sails for the coast of Africa.

5. Arrived there, she is boarded from a British cruizer. The American captain points to his flag, and perhaps exhibits his register; and laughs at the British men of war who are watching him.

6. A large cargo of slaves is taken on board, and every arrangement made for setting sail at a moment's notice. This being accomplished, the favorable circumstances for sailing are waited for, and these having come, the American master leaves the ship, and thus escapes all danger under the laws of the United States,—(taking his register with him, and probably signing a bill of sale of the vessel, at the moment,)—and she sails. The cruizers that have been on the watch chase her, but her fleetness mocks pursuit.

To return to the documents before us:—We have been able to bestow but a hasty glance on them. They are very voluminous, and deserve,—what we hope to give them hereafter,—a detailed analysis. We annex some flowers of rhetoric from the letters of Mr. Consul Trist, who seems bent upon making himself and his country as ridiculous and despicable as possible in the eyes of all mankind, by his preposterous rhodomontade, abuse, and blackguardism.—E. G. L.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF CONSUL TRIST TO THE BRITISH AGENTS AT HAVANA.

The truth of the existing state of things here [Havana] in relation to the slave-trade can be condensed into one sentence. It is a pursuit denounced in every possible way by the LAW—by law FOREIGN *made* and FOREIGN *imposed*—and supported by an overwhelming PUBLIC OPINION. These few words express not only the fact in both its branches, but also the cause from which the second branch chiefly derives that vigor which makes it overtop and stifle the other. And is it not in the nature of man that such an effect should follow from such a cause?

Thank God! it is. Thank God! that there is implanted in the heart of man, in the shape of an instinct, a something whose impulses drive him in the same line of conduct that is enjoined by the most lofty and intellectual patriotism. Forbid it Heaven! that the spirit of nationality, which with the masses is the instinctive safeguard provided by the Great Architect for that self-government, which, as it affords to man his only hope of well-being, becomes, in exact proportion to his rise as an intellectual and moral being, enshrined amid those cherished convictions which fill the place of instinctive impulses;—Heaven forbid that this spirit should ever be found extinct in any people, be they ever so deeply plunged in ignorance, or debased by vice. God forbid that we should ever perish, or ever fall short of fulfilling the great purpose for which it was given—that of vindicating national independence; come the assault from whom it may, on whatever pretext, on whatever ground. God forbid that any reform, in religion, in morals, in law, or in government, be it ever so important or so urgent; that any question that can possibly be presented to the mind of man—if there be an attempt to decide it among any people through an invasion of their national independence—shall fail to be dismissed from their thoughts, never to be entertained again, until acting as one man, they shall have repelled the invasion, and vindicated triumphantly this most sacred of all sacred causes.

But whether this effect of an assult upon a people's independence be desirable or not, it is a part of the truth which exists here with regard to the slave-trade. Here, that effect has been produced. The published correspondence of your commission bears (although this seems to have escaped the notice alike of those who, perhaps unconsciously, divulged the fact, and those upon whom it was thrown away) testimony to its existence; and if this had not so chanced, it would still be known, as it is known, to every man in Havana; unless, indeed, there should chance to be here some with powers of volition so strong as to close their minds at pleasure to conviction, and to render them insensible to the most salient of all the points of the public sentiment in which they move and have their being.

In one of those nostrum-doctor discourses, which, on the spot where they are concocted, and among those who know the true value of the ingredients which constitute the theme of the grandiloquence, prove a plenteous source of merriment, not undisturbed now and then by a flash of indignation, when thought is turned upon the motives to, and the consequences of, this peculiar and stupendous quackery;—in the despatch of the 2d of January, 1837, which forms a proem-invoice of sundry packages of precious matter, labelled "returns of arrivals and departures," are contained various remarks explanatory of the peculiar expenditure of toil and skill involved, on this peculiar occasion, in the task of collecting the ingredients. Hitherto, they had been so conveniently at hand, as to "render the completion of the lists little more than matter of form." Now, however, "the case was materially altered;" and circumstances are explained "whereby your lordship will perceive it to be a matter of some difficulty to ascertain, with the same accuracy as formerly, the proceedings of these vessels."

Besides this acknowledgment, that hitherto, there had been not even so much as "some difficulty," in ascertaining "with *accuracy*," "the proceedings of these vessels;"—in other words, that their proceedings were known to everybody, and there was no wish or attempt at concealment;—another truth is omitted, in the heat of the illustration bestowed upon this interesting circumstance: that now, "*some*" thing in the shape of a difficulty" had come into existence, to afford an antagonist more substantial than empty air for commissioner-zeal to grapple with. This other truth is thus expressed: "*Whatever may at one time have been the feeling* of some of the principal landed proprietors in favor of the suppression of the slave trade of this island, we confidently believe that there scarcely exists *at the present time*, ANY *individual who entertains such a wish—nay, who would not do his utmost tosustain it.*"

A truth! in one sense at least, though not precisely, in the literal meaning of the words, a true picture. And a melancholly one it is, whether considered in itself, or in its cause. Not so, however, when considered as a result. Of what is it the result? Of a wonton trampling upon the principle of national independence—and this, too, attended with peculiarly aggravating circumstances: the most insupportable of which is, that the Government which should resent the indignity and repel the invasion has been made the instrument for inflicting them; that the people feel that that Government which should perish rather than suffer its own free action with regard to its own subjects to be interfered with, is the abject slave of their oppressors. Then, to make the goarding still more intolerable, comes the double conviction on their part, (than which none entertained by man was ever more sincere,) that the traffic in slaves is justifiable and right; and that the contrary belief, now professed on the part of the English people, is a hollow profession, put forth to cover the utterly selfish and unprincipled desire and design to destroy countries whose rivalship in commerce or in power has become to them an object of dread.

This is the cause of that unanimity, which, as an evidence that their office had become "some" thing less of a sinecure, was, by your predecessors, stated to exist upwards of two years and a half ago. This it is, which has rendered universal among the people the conviction and the feeling, that abandoned, and betrayed by their helpless Government, they are placed in that predicament where it is the right and the duty of every man to protect himself,—the general right and duty of all men individually to protect and sustain each other. It is not in regard to the slave-trade—to its impolicy, or its inhumanity, or its undesirableness in any respect—that such a change of opinion and of sentiment has, or could have, come over the land. Such a change was, in the nature of things, impossible. Of all the causes which might have conspired to create here, in a number of individuals ever so small, an opinion and sentiment adverse to the traffic, not one but must necessarily have acquired greater force with every revolving year. The progress might have proved very tardy; but there could not have been a retrograde. It is not the *slave-trade* that has become in itself so popular, that not "any individual" could be found in the island but would "do his utmost to sustain it." No such retrograde has taken place. On the contrary, the sentiment adverse to it has made progress; although one that has been slackened by the operation of another sentiment, and is not easily discernible through its manifestations. This other sentiment is the sentiment of nationality. It is to its impulses that not an individual could be easily found, but would prove true,—not an individual but would "do his utmost to sustain," not "*it*"—not the slave trade—but the individual carrying on the slave-trade. His own convictions upon the subject of the slave-trade, the feelings of his bosom towards any man capable of engaging therein, might prompt him to hang the offender. But he has had awakened in him a strong overpowering sense of the fact, that this cannot be done without bowing his neck to foreign-made and foreign-imposed law. This comes over him; and every duty becomes as nothing before the one of defiance,—every feeling is overwhelmed in its angry surges.

This result so naturally belongs to all such intermeddling, that it could scarcely have proved possible to avoid it, even had the British commissioners here confined themselves, with the most guarded circumspection and most refined delicacy, to the simple line of their duties as defined by the treaty stipulations. Had they—as they were bound to do by the plainest principles of international right, and would have been compelled to do by any government capable of an effort in defence of its own dignity or the rights of its subjects—contented themselves with the discharge of those functions for which alone they had been created, and for which alone they had obtained a residence upon Spanish territory;—had they thus deported themselves, their mere presence here could not have failed to prove a cause of irritation to any man, whether friend or enemy to the slave trade, capable of a feeling for his country. But when, instead of a course so enjoined by every consideration of policy, with regard to the professed object, no less than of international decency in a powerful nation (or any one allowed to act in her name) towards a helpless one, a course directly the reverse, has been pursued; when the attitudes in which they seemed to delight in seizing every occasion to exhibit, were of a kind to impress upon the beholder that they belonged to a newly-invented class of plenipotentiaries, endowed with faculties of too transcendant an order to be confined within determinate boundaries; and when, at the same time, these displays were seen by all to be of such a nature, that those making them could not possibly expect, therefore could not possibly intend, any other effect from them—*here*, at least—than that of reminding the authorities, and through them the people, that they were bound to bow politely to insult;—when such has been the course pursued, what must be the result? What must be the intensity in which it prevails?

That result is—the re-awakening of the old guerilla spirit: that spirit which, when their national independence was suffering at the hand of Napoleon, was known by the French soldier to be near when he saw his comrade drop with the knife-handle projecting from his chest;—which, noiseless and unseen, mowed a path for the angel of death through those serried ranks, in countless efforts to penetrate and to scatter which the Mameluke whirlwind had ineffectually spent itself.

Possibly I may have been led to form an exaggerated estimate of the intensity of this feeling, by what I know—and had rather die than doubt—would be kindled in my country by any, the remotest, approach to what I see inflicted upon this.—There are things not a few in the United States, which are deemed by me to be crying evils, to remedy any one of which is a labor well worthy of exclusively occupying the patriotic ambition of a distinguished citizen. Not one of them, however—intent as I might be upon its extirpation, and near as I might have approached to the happiness of accomplishing it—but would be instantly laid aside, to await the return of times of *peace*, at the slightest indication of foreign interference. And the certainty and the promptness of my doing this, would be in exact proportion to the magnitude of the evil.—To say nothing of slavery, (which—although I believe the condition of the slave in my native State to be incomparably better than that of the English operative—occupies, nevertheless, in my estimation, by far the first place in our catalogue of evils,) there are, among others, the Bowie knives, of which you have perhaps read. So serious an evil do I consider the practice of carrying these murderous weapons, which prevails in one part of our country, that no effort to put an end to it, which I could make with any promise of success, would be omitted. Nor is there any severity of penalty that I would stop short of, if necessary, to accomplish this. But if this Bowie knife evil were to become an object of philanthropic zeal in your, or any other foreign country; and circumstances should be such as to impart to your government the wish and the power to interfere with ours in regard to this object of my abhorrence,—to dictate a law for its extirpation, and to take a hand in its execution,—that abhorrence would be laid aside, never again to occupy my thoughts until your law and your interference had been driven into the sea; and, if necessary to the accomplishment of this, every reaping-hook should be beat into a Bowie knife, and every maiden in the land should be taught to handle it.

Nay, there is one thing which would have the power to make me turn my arm against my own country; and that is, her proving herself capable of tolerating such an abuse of power by those intrusted with her government. No radical now drawing breath in what I feel towards very much as my native county of Devon—for there my forefathers were born and died for many generations—can look forward with more heartfelt pleasure to the time when the people of England will be free. When the oppression under which, in every possible shape, their heads have been so long bowed into the very dust, shall have come to its end—when the House of Lords shall exist only upon the page of history, and a real representation shall have taken the place of that detestable *simulacrum*, by which, in their own name, they have been plundered, and the wealth and the power resulting from their toil and ingenuity have been so shamelessly squandered, in every imaginable mode in which it could subserve the selfishness of a sordid few; when the skilful and industrious workingmen of Great Britain—the bone and sinew of the most affluent and potent state upon earth—shall no longer know as a reality, but look back upon as an absurd fable, that state of things, so incredible unless so substantiated, of which the appalling picture was unfolded by the Edinburgh trials in January of last year:—that picture of the industrious classes, self-organized for the purpose of protection against want; and as a means to this end, every man regularly contributing from the scanty remnant left him by that hateful system of robbery called parliamentary taxation, to supply a fund for the support of secret tribunals and officials, the object of whose existence is to doom him to death and to effect the murder, if, maddened by the agonies of a starving wife or the cries of a famishing child, he shall prove so reckless in his desperation as to accept work at lower wages than those decreed by the unknown despots to whose mandates he owes implicit submission, or to accept of work at all, from an employer whom they may have deemed it necessary to put under the ban; when incredulity will be but strengthened by the tale, that under such a state of things—so shockingly unjust was the distribution of political power—the mountain of taxation was still further heaped up upon the agonized giant's chest, through the obedience yielded by place-holders to the necessity in which they found themselves, to abdicate their sinecures and conciliate the votes of a handful of hair-brained enthusiasts, governed by a fixed idea, and reckless of every other earthly consideration, pursuing, as the great paramount cause of humanity, and the only one deserving their regard, the object of their sofa-inspired visions: dreams, the downy current of which, the voice of reason, or the cries of famine issuing from myriads of their famished countrymen, were alike ineffectual to disturb!—the time when Ireland may write the epitaph of her Emmet; when the sense of governmental oppression shall have ceased to be so keen in the bosom of the 'sans potato' O'Connell tribute-payer, as to make him insensible to all besides,—even to the true character of that Derrinane patriotism, whose cormorant scream, eternally vexing the ear of his country, makes her atmosphere alive with 'rint.'

The time must come when all this shall have passed away, and become incredible to the common mind. It cannot be distant. Could it be hastened one single hour by any labor of my individual head or hand, there is not a man among the radicals of South Devon who would, with greater alacrity, buckle to the task; and yet, did my country at this moment possess—as possess she will, before many more lustres shall have passed over her—the power to interfere with the question, and to settle it; and did she prove herself capable of abandoning that majestic attitude towards other States, which distinguishes her from them, as her Washington is distinguished from their leaders, and in which she has influenced their destinies solely by the force of that example, under the efficacy of whose holy presence the thrones and the aristocracies, and the impostures and shams of the old world are so rapidly crumbling into dust, and vanishing forever from this earth;—could she prove thus recreant to the principle of national independence, one, at least, of her sons, would prove true to the sacred cause, even to the length of taking part against her; and even although assured that the certain consequence of his doing so would be the reanimation of the cold dead embers of ancient toryism, and the revivification of the right divine, with its accursed brood of wrongs and oppressions, for years beyond that period when the coming struggle shall be over—when merry England, and Auld-lang-syne, and their sister isle, the land of the tear and the smile, quietly basking in the blessed light of Democracy, under institutions modelled after ours, shall unite in a hymn to the daughter-land that first taught the world how to reconcile liberty with law, the might of an empire nation with the freedom of a village republic.

Such being my own feelings on this topic, my judgment is perhaps not to be trusted in regard to the state of things which, upon this stage, has been produced and now exists.

So far, however, as that judgment can be relied upon, the picture is not highly charged. To all practical purposes, the slave trade has become hallowed in all eyes here, as a consequence of the union which patriotism has been forced into with it.—They are now effectually wedded; and they will continue to be one flesh, until the causes which have aroused the spirit of nationality, to impart to it so strange a *penchant*, shall have ceased to exist.—Then, but not till then, may the divorce be hoped for.

With this result before us for a warning, it is proposed now to give patriotism in wedlock to piracy also. By the same foreign-made and foreign-imposed law, Spaniards are to be told that that piracy, which every man, and, above all, every mariner in the world, for countless generations back, has been taught from infancy to look upon as a crime—nay, to the mariner, *the* crime of crimes—that it is no worse than that slave trade, which some now living may recollect to have seen most actively carried on by the mistress of the seas. Hereafter, the two shall go under one and the same name; and the man who believes, and whose *country* believes, it perfectly right, and even laudable, to pursue a business wherein, while his own end of gain is accomplished, he proves the instrument of snatching hundreds of negroes from famine on the coast of Africa, or from immolation in the hecatombs daily reeking either to Mumbo Jumbo, or to some inferior concentration of the divine essence, from a clay shark idol down to the airy ghost of any man who is entitled after death to the consideration due to the husband and lord of from thirty to three thousand wives;—the mariner or merchant whose country's mind continues yet unenlightened in regard to the slave trade, viewed in its ultimate consequences, and whose conscience can find therefore a sufficient sedative in the knowledge that he is bringing negroes from such a state of things in their own country, to one where they will have a chance of plenty and a long life—is to be told that if he be tempted to engage in this pursuit, he might as well add to it, whenever opportunity offers, the plunder of merchant-ships, and the murder of merchants and women and children who have ventured upon the great deep. This addition will not make his neck a whit the less safe: and this he is to be told—not by his own country: not even by his own *jure divino* master; not under the sanction of the faintest shade of rightful authority: but by a foreign power, whose usurpations on this very subject have rendered itself the object of his deepest hate, and his own government the object of ineffable contempt to him. What brood of horrors is to come of this new match, those who get it up can perhaps tell. They have shown such a reach of foresight in regard to the fruits of the first, that this is no unreasonable expectation to indulge in towards them.

Nor is the sentiment thus engendered here, with regard to the slave trade, by these wanton exhibitions of contempt for the principle of national independence, confined to the Spanish population. Such a spectacle is not of a nature to be looked upon with composure by any man whose soul is not so sold to mammon as to forbid his seeing, or caring for, any thing save the to and fro of the money-bags. Every man with a spark of soul has experienced its influence; and as the degree in which he has done so was necessarily proportionate to the interest he was capable of experiencing in matters not directly and individually concerning himself, so has it been felt the most strongly by those to whose nature and principles the slave trade is most repugnant. This is no theoretic speculation. No man, at all conversant with the mechanism of which human opinion and sentiment are the products, could fail to perceive at a glance, that it must have so turned out.—No man, placed upon this stage, with his five senses about him, could fail to become immediately aware of the fact, that it has so turned out: unless, indeed, the prospect of a snug pension, as a reward for patriotically and philanthropically bearing up against the tedium of a heavily charged West Indian sinecure, should constitute an 'object too high' to permit him to be sensible of any thing passing around him; and, above all, of any such inconvenient circumstance as, if he possessed a conscience, might render it a troublesome hindrance to any display got up to show off to eistant eves the utility of his sinecure; by attaching a sting to the consciousness that it served only to render postively and actively deirimental to the service in which he was receiving pay, an office which, restricted to its assigned duties, might prove no worse than merely useless.

From the one truth, that *the slave trade is a pursuit denounced in every way by the law*, and upheld by an overwhelming public opinion, it would be no difficult task for any one acquainted with Spanish character, in all its bearings, social, legal, and political, to deduce every particular requisite to the composition of the most detailed picture of the existing state of things here in regard to this subject. Such a picture, Colonel Napier could paint with his eyes shut.

It would, for instance, be a waste of words to inform him that here *the trade is made no secret of, except towards the authorities;* and towards them *only* when acting in their official capacity—that, on all other occasions, it is spoken of with just as little reserve as any other pursuit; and every particular incident to it is as generally known as those that arise in any other branch of trade. Indeed, far more generally known: for it constitutes a pursuit in regard to which the people consider themselves *at war;* an unprovoked, one-sided war, to be sure, but this only serves to whet their spirit the sharper—and every incident of which, therefore, possesses a zest which cannot belong to those of any other branch of business, or even to any political subject. Every capture of a slaver is a wrong; to be talked of, to become known to all, to be stored up in the memory of each. Every arrival is an exploit—a victory over the common enemy; the news of which (that would be proclaimed by the church bells, but that the Government does not dare) runs like wildfire, to arouse exultation in every breast, and to kindle anew both the spirit of cupidity, and the flames of defiance.

It would, in like manner, be a waste of words to inform him of the other fact, that the man would awaken universal derision—and derision merely, only because no apprehension would exist of any thing to disturb that feeling, and to convert it into one more serious—who should gravely undertake to set on foot proceedings with a view to the judicial establishment of any one of the facts or incidents thus known to the whole city as the favorite part of the news of the day, on every day almost of the year. A shout of laughter would greet him at every street corner; and if he encountered there nothing more cutting than a laugh, it would only be because of the universal confidence that he was a harmless lunatic, who might, without danger to any one, be left free to follow his humor.

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Under the general aspect belonging to the subject, then, any such proceeding on your part, as an offer to make me acquainted with a "rumor," or a "report," is, upon its very face, a manifest absurdity, if no worse. It would be the same, if the matter of your communication consisted of substantial *facts*, instead of "*reports*;" unless, indeed, you were prepared to furnish, or to indicate, some portion or other of that matter of *evidence* or *proof* which can alone impart to facts a legal existence—which alone could "enable" (as the British Government desire to be, through my instrumentality, in regard to British merchants and manufacturers) the authorities of any country to use these facts, were they ever so *notorious*, as a basis of action. Without such preparation on your part, any such proceeding would be an absurd farce; and, if the disposition were wanting, it would be a despicable mockery.

Now, it is a matter of fact, known to every man in Havana, and which defies contradiction, (for not one can be found bold enough to give it,) that no such disposition did exist, or could exist on your part. If your facts were of the most conclusive kind, and you had a dozen respectable witnesses to each, you would not *dare* to name one of them.—Nay, had the individual from whom your information was derived been known to me, (and circumstances so plainly pointed him out, that the presumption was too strong to permit a doubt to rest on the mind of a single individual acquainted with the parties,) and had he been summoned by me as a witness, he would have been sure, as such, to know nothing on the subject.

This is so notorious here, that no one having the least pretension to character for candor would venture to dispute it. The slave-trade is a matter which every one who feels any curiosity on the subject, knows all about. Nay, although destitute of such curiosity, he cannot, if he possesses the use of his ears, and understand any language spoken in Havana, avoid hearing the news of the day or hour, of which it always constitutes the most piquant topic. To make sure of exact accuracy, is a task which, on this subject as on every other, is attended with trouble and difficulty in various degrees. But the particulars no one can avoid hearing. And yet, although everybody knows all about the slave-trade, no one so knows any thing about it, that the testimony he could or would give in a court of justice, or for any judicial purpose, upon any point connected with it, would be worth a straw.

What, then, was the end which you had in view, in addressing to me your two communications of January last?

The presumptions afforded in regard to this question, by the existing state of things here, clearly are:—

1. That you could not expect to make known to me any particular, of which I was likely to be, or to remain ignorant.

2. That, supposing you possessed grounds for such an expectation, you could not anticipate that any possible measure on my part, in regard to the subject of such information, could be attended with any useful result. In addition to these presumptions, resulting from the general state of the case, was a third, arising from the relation which I had assumed towards your commission, by the act of returning its communication of the month of October, 1836, to wit:

3. That, supposing the latter of the foregoing presumptions to be so far reversed, that it was in my power to adopt some measure that would prove otherwise than futile, you could not anticipate that I could be moved thereto by your interference, but had every reason to believe the reverse; that, so far as my disposition and my course in regard to the subject could possibly be influenced, in any way, by such interference, the only possible consequence of your venturing upon it would be decidedly adverse to the cause which you are paid to promote.

Such are the presumptions which arise from the mere general fact of your addressing to me a communication of this nature. They are not very favorable to the character of the end which you proposed to yourself. Let us now see what grounds of judgment are disclosed by the particular contents of your letters.

* * * * * * * *

According to your own statement, the "report" is already "*prevalent* in this place." You take the step of making me acquainted with it. The moral motive of this step is, (so you say,) the conviction that it is right. The logical motive to this conviction is, (so you say,) the possibility that the report may not have come to my knowledge!

What is this "report?" Why, an American vessel of such extraordinary beauty as to render her, and the purpose to which she is destined, the common talk of the whole city, is, through successful evasion of American law, brought to Havana, and sails for the coast of Africa: not a man in the place, who has bestowed a thought upon the subject, doubting that upon reaching that part of the world she will be divested of her American character, in order that she may with impunity be employed in the traffic which, by the laws of the United States, would subject to the punishment of death every individual pursuing it under the American flag. Some months after, she returns to the island of Cuba; successfully accomplishing the object for which she was sent, by bringing a large number of African slaves. Among the particulars relating to her voyage, one is, that she retained her American character and papers until the time arrived for taking the negroes on board; and that while under their protection she was boarded by an officer from a British cruiser, to whom the American master—conscious though he was of a wicked evasion of the laws of his country—coolly pointed out her flag, fully confident in its efficacy to protect him, on the highway of nations, against any meddling on the part of any foreign Power.

This is the "report" which had become "prevalent" in this place. This report in regard to a most remarkable vessel, has already become *prevalent* in this city. There is a *possibility*, however, that it may not have come to the ears of the American consul. This possibility proves sufficient to force upon the minds of the British commissioners the conviction, that it is right for them to take the step of making him acquainted therewith; and this conviction being thus produced, the step is taken by means of a letter!

Such is your own account of your proceeding! Is there a man to be found, who, without any particular knowledge upon any part of the subject, and possessed of the merest general notion of our relations, would fail to perceive, at a glance, that the most absurd insincerity is stamped upon its very face?

No, sirs; this cannot go down; nor was it expected to—it was a mere contrivance (and a wretchedly bungling one it is) to serve the purpose of a headpiece to your communication. The end and aim of that communication, and the spirit in which it was conceived, rendered it of no consequence how awkwardly botched its figure-head might be. Indeed, the more disgusting it should prove, the better; for the more in harmony would it be with the great end and aim of the proceeding.

No, sirs; you may have had some end in view, which you thought a "right" and just end; and, for accomplishing it, you may have thought that communication a "right" and just means. But the end set forth at its beginning is one which you did not have in view. No one possessing the slightest general knowledge of the subject, or of our relations, could believe for an instant that you could really entertain the belief that the American consul was *un*-"acquainted with the report *prevalent* in this place respecting the ship Venus;" or, supposing him to be so, that to change his state of ignorance on the subject of this "report" into one of acquaintance with it, could be an object of solicitude with the British commissioners.

Thus much regarding what was *not* the end which they had in view. With regard to the opposite question, I will hereafter adventure into a speculation, founded upon these same materials, which will *not*, I believe, be deemed very hazardous.—For the present, it is proper to pursue the examination of your communications, for the purpose of ascertaining what sort of things they may contain, besides the logical chain of end, motive, and reason, which has been set down in the inventory.

In stating the particulars of this report, you unconsciously, as it were, run into a *respectful suggestion*—thus:

"The report further states there are several American citizens implicated in this flagrant violation of the laws of the United States; and, as the *Venus* may be hourly expected in this harbor, we would respectfully suggest that such immediate steps may be taken, on her arrival as may lead to the punishment of such offenders."

This forcibly illustrates the danger of such interference. Moved by the mere possibility that a certain report might not have come to my ears, and setting out with the sole design of making me acquainted with it, you cannot accomplish the task of stating the particulars, before your disinterested zeal and generous ardor in the cause take such entire possession of your soul as to hurry you into the indiscretion of "respectfully" making to the officer of a foreign State, under circumstances which immeasurably magnified the indecency of such a step, a *suggestion* which no officer of your own Government, however subordinate his grade, could do otherwise than repel, if coming from any one not in immediate command over him, as a most impertinent *interference;* and, if coming from his immediate commander even, to resent as a most insulting imputation. Such would have been the character of this "respectful" proceeding, even had the object of it been an officer of your own Government, and under your own immediate orders. What, then, becomes its complexion when viewed in the light proper to it: as addressed to the officer of a sovereign State—to one for whom you really did not possess an official existence; and not only thus, but who had been placed under the necessity of declining, in the most peremptory manner, to recognise you in any way as persons whom whom he could hold official converse; and who had based this determination upon the peremptory refusal finally given by his Government, in reply to the repeated importunities of yours, to even listen to any proposal for making of this subject a ground of agreement!

Such turned out to be, at the very first step you took, the consequence of your permitting yourself to commit this interference: so difficult is it to avoid losing sight entirely of the cold dictates of worldly propriety, when the impulses of so holy an enthusiasm as yours are once yielded to!

SLAVERY BY A SLAVEHOLDER.

Mr. Crenshaw, in the recent debate before the Kentucky Legislature, thus depicts the effects of slavery:

"To my mind it is astonishing that gentlemen of the fine sensibilities which I know them to possess, should have forgotten the horrid and revolting scenes to which, in days that are gone by, we have all been witness—the mother torn from her infant shrieking and clinging to her neck—the tyrant negro-driver scarce giving her time to bathe its cheeks in tears, or impress a frantic kiss upon its lips—she is denied even the tender farewell—the whip and thong at hand, she is hurried from its embrace, and wildly looks an everlasting farewell. All this we witnessed when the slave trade was in our borders; and surely gentlemen will pause before they open such a traffic even in the South.

There are some considerations bearing upon this subject which gentlemen may deem trifling, but which I esteem of great moment. Look, sir, to the South, and what do we behold? Parents with their hundreds of negroes, and rich in the "muscles and the bones of man"—no demand for the labor of their sons and daughters—their young men employed in the honors of the chase or of the bowie knife, or the still more honorable carousals of the grog shop. "Idleness is the parent of vice;" and most of these honorable employments are attributable to the idleness consequent upon slavery. We have, comparatively few slaves; yet cannot any one perceive the deleterious influence that slavery has exerted, and is exerting upon the people of Kentucky? Your old men of sixty possess more vigor and strength of constitution, than your men of twenty and thirty years of age. The rosy tinge is fast fading from the cheeks of your daughters; their constitutions are rapidly deteriorating; and instead of the vigorous constitution, the erect, dignified and graceful carriage which we were wont to see, we find our ladies in their "teens" with sickly constitutions, attenuated forms, and the stoop of old age.—True, they are still lovely; but how much more so would they be, with a form full of strength and life, and a cheek glowing with vitality. Do you wish to invigorate the constitution of the young? Then give us no more negroes—put your boys and girls to some active employment—raise them to industry."

W. Hardin in the same debate spoke of slavery in another light:

"While on this branch of the subject, I will make one other statement, rather in offset than reply.—The whole export of cotton from this country, averages, it is said, from forty to fifty millions yearly; and yet Mr. Webster, upon the floor of the Senate, when the distinguished senator from South Carolina was indulging in a like strain of eulogy upon the South in contrast with the North, showed from documentary evidence, that the value of all the articles manufactured in the single State of Massachusetts, for one year, was near eighty millions of dollars. I speak from recollection—a sum exceeding twice as much as the exports of the whole South. Yet Massachusetts, from her abundance, had that to dispose of—raising within herself all the necessaries of subsistence—whereas the South produces nothing except her cotton, and, from the proceeds of its sale, is compelled to purchase whatever is used for home consumption. We know, sir, that the wealth of the South is bloated and unsubstantial—as empty and full of nought as the dreams of Caliban—able to bear no great financial crisis—at present hopelessly insolvent—while Massachusetts is sound to the core, and maintaining specie payment. The amount of Southern export is large, because she is compelled to send abroad her staples.—She cannot manufacture. Slaves are fit only for the grosser part of labor—the higher and more refined arts of human life and national wealth can be practiced only by the white race. This same cotton is purchased by the factories of England, and returned upon the South in the form of wrought fabrics, at a profit of some hundred per cent.,—converting the South into one great plantation, and her citizens into laborers in the field, for the manufacturers of other lands. The slaves of that region may well tell their masters—'We serve you; and you are the servants of others. You are one grade higher in the scale of service, than ourselves, but no more.'"

LABOR.

The world dishonors its workmen, stones its prophets, crucifies its saviors, but bows down its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, Long live Violence and Fraud.

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sits at his ease, and fares daintily, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for man, with his head or hands, what claim has he to respect or subsistence? The rough-handed woman, who with salt fish and a basket of vegetables provides substantial food for a dozen working-men, and washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she has no education, while this fop with his culture and wealth is a curse. She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that fop has eaten, has performed its duty better than he.—"It was made to support human nature, and it has done so," while he is a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men, is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine does no less service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship, were deservedly placed among those society was to honor. But they also, who teach man moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world; instruct them to think; to live together in peace, to love one another, and pass good lives enlightened by Wisdom, charmed by Godliness, and enchanted by Religion; they who build up a loftier population, making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life, and come to a violent end.—But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and village and city grow glad, in their light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a vulgar mind, that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker, and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is

laid upon the human race, consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as giving up the work of Ostentation and Folly and Sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work would toil diligently but two hours out of the twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this were done, we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentary and rich men. Exercise for the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed by hard work, nor another oppressed by indolence, and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance natures takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods to preserve a life that is not worth the keeping, because it is useless and ignominious. Now men may work at least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity and a blessing, and find likewise abundant time for study, for social intercourse, and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favorite pursuit, for the general burthen would still be slight.—*Dial.*

From the New-York Observer.

THE SLAVE MARKET IN CAIRO.

Cairo, Saturday, Jan. 13.—A melancholy visit to the slave mart of Cairo marks this day's experience of the depravity and misery of our fallen world. And so much has been said about the Pasha's efforts and intentions to abolish slavery in his dominions, that some little description of the scene to be witnessed in the heart of his capital will have at this time additional interest. The market is deep within the intricacies of the city, in a quarter as black and prison-like as its purposes. Leaving our donkeys in the street, in the care of their squalid drivers, we passed through a dark archway into an irregular, ragged, dirty square, surrounded by cells like dens in a menagerie for wild beasts, and filled with groups of negroes and slave-drivers, men, women, and children. Most of the captives were young; indeed, I do not now recollect to have seen a single middle-aged man among them. The first cell we looked into was tenanted by several fine-looking Nubian girls, modestly dressed, and laughing as if they were happy. Perhaps they thought we had come to buy, and pleased themselves with the hope of belonging to a Frank; a miserable alternative indeed, judging from the Frank population of Cairo. Is it not the case, all the world over, that foreign masters are more despotic than native ones?

In the next den, a young girl was on her knees with a sort of stone basin before her, in which, by rubbing with another stone as large as a brick, she was grinding corn to make into bread. Another sat by her side, looking like a moping idiot, with arms of such prodigious length, and so slender, that she might easily have been taken for a baboon. In another cell there were three or four bright little negro boys, gaily dressed in white jacket and trousers to allure purchasers. I asked the price; it was about eight hundred piastres, or forty dollars. Some one of these very boys may possibly be the future ruler of Egypt. It would not be much more remarkable than the elevation of Mehemet Ali.

The middle of the square exhibited the most painfully disgusting spectacle I ever witnessed in any collection of the degraded forms of human beings. There seemed to be several distinct races, some of them very little elevated in their appearance above the brutes. Chains there were none, nor were they needed to render the spectacle more appalling. Some of these beings were almost entirely naked, and with the united effect of tattooing, exposure to a burning sun, and disease superadded, the skin in some cases looked like that of a rhinoceros, while the hair, plaited and turned flat from the top of the head over the forehead and temples, looked as if it had been dipped in some mixture of dirt and tar, and formed into sticks. The features of these wretched beings in most cases were ugly almost beyond description, and they were principally women, and were either employed in dressing each other's hair, or sat looking vacantly around them. Their masters, or keepers, appeared to be reclining against the walls without the least mark of interest in the scene before them.

The square of this slave market is surrounded by arches which, like pillars, or a colonnade with recesses about a court, support a second story. This story consisted of a sort of platform terminated by other cells, tenanted, like those below, by slaves. Some were to be seen still higher, like monkeys, looking down as from the tops of the houses upon their fellow prisoners beneath. On this second platform I passed a group where stood one young man with the air of a captive prince, in attitude and with a countenance which would have made a subject for a painter. Beside him were two or three more youthful companions, perhaps his brothers and sisters, with the like expression of silent and deep melancholy. They were some golden ornaments upon their persons, the only instances I observed of such a custom.

In this assemblage, above and below, some of the groups consisted of fine-looking, intelligent, well-formed negroes, but most of them were a species of the human race such as I had never seen, and more degraded than any thing in human shape I had ever imagined. The Afrites and Ghouls of the oriental mind must have had their prototype in some such realities. What a transformation is yet to be effected by the gospel in that heart of Africa, from whence these wretched beings are transported!

The dark massive entrance into the court of this slave market is lined on each side by merchants of rarities, with their black chests containing articles mostly brought from Nubia and Abyssinia. I was directed thither on another occasion, in order to purchase some rare and valuable medicine brought from beyond Egypt, and at the time of this second visit, which was only a few days after the first, there seemed already to have arrived a new set of wretched captives, and scenes still more disgusting than before met the eye of the stranger. There was a greater number of women and young girls. It is a dreadful place. In journeying up to Thebes, after this, we met with many boat-loads of captives appointed to the same destination, and sometimes gangs or encampments of them on shore, presenting the same spectacles of misery and degradation.

We saw no white slaves of any kind in the maket. Mr. Wilkinson has stated the price of slaves in Egypt as follows: black slaves, boys 25 to 50 dollars; girls 40 to 50; eunuchs 50 to 75; Abyssinian boys, 35 to 50; white boys, (Mamelooks) 100 to 250; girls, 75 to 500. Degraded and painful are these scenes were, we should certainly have thought it worse to witness any thing like them in England. But is there not one country in the civilized world concerning which it may be said, *nomine, mutato de te fabula narratur?* It would not be wonderful, after all, if barbarian Egypt should get rid of the curse, and sin of slavery sooner than that country. May God in his mercy hasten the time when the power of the gospel shall have removed this evil, and no more such a thing as a slave shall be known under the whole heavens. G. B. C.

MEETING IN BEHALF OF THE MIRROR OF LIBERTY.

Pursuant to notice, a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen convened at the Infant School Room, on Wednesday evening, June 2d, 1841. Benjamin Weeden was elected chairman, and William C. Nell appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting being stated by the chairman, Mr. David Ruggles offered a few remarks on the prospects of the Mirror of Liberty—of the encouragement that had been extended towards its publication—and announced his intention to issue the Mirror semi-monthly.

John T. Hilton submitted the following resolution:—

Resolved, That we hail with pleasure the visit of David Ruggles, editor of the Mirror of Liberty, into our hospitable city, and bid him a cordial welcome to the hearts of Bostonians, to whom we commend him as the staunch and uncompromising friend of the oppressed, and an indefatigable laborer in the field of universal liberty.

Joshua B. Smith offered the following:

Resolved, That in view of the successful efforts of our friend and brother in the cause of emancipation, it is the duty of this meeting to appoint a committee of twelve, to solicit the patronage of every family in Boston to the Mirror of Liberty—and recommend the friends of freedom in other places to give it their support.

Thomas Jinnings advocated the propriety of adopting the resolution passed at the Soiree given in New-York, Dec. 23d, in honor of our guest—as follows:

Resolved, That the fearless, inflexible and martyr-like manner in which our persecuted friend and brother—the distinguished champion of human liberty, David Ruggles, has ever advocated the cause of the oppressed, and jeoparded his life to rescue them from the iron grasp of slavery, merit the approbation of this assembly; and we hail with joy the re-appearance of the Mirror of Liberty, edited and published by our tried and uncompromising friend and advocate. We will, therefore, exert all our influence to give it an extensive circulation.

Remarks were offered in support of the above resolutions, by the movers and others, and were unanimously adopted.

The power of nominating a committee was conferred upon the chairman, who appointed the following as a committee to obtain subscribers to the Mirror,—viz. John T. Hilton, Joshua B. Smith, Eunice R. Davis, Joel W. Lewis, Thomas Cole, Mary Pitts, William C. Nell, Rev. Samuel Snowden, Andrew V. Lewis, Thomas Jinnings, Sarah Bassett, Cyrus Foster.

John T. Hilton offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we regard Henry H. Garnett as among the first of men in our country for talents and principles, and for which we extend to him the hand of friendship and our best sympathies, at the same time recommending to those among whom he may sojourn, to greet him with an open heart and liberal hand.

Resolved, That as we feel it our duty to encourage and support every worthy brother, who faithfully labors in our cause, we appoint a committee of five to wait on the friends of liberty in Boston for their subscription towards defraying the expense of an artificial limb for our unfortunate, though talented and much esteemed brother, Henry Highland Garnett.

The committee were appointed as follows: John T. Hilton, George Putnam, Thomas Cole, Cyrus Foster, and Thomas Jinnings. The chairman, in a few brief remarks, alluded to the call for a meeting to form a Boston Vigilance Committee, 'to protect the liberties of persons alleged to be slaves, and to rescue from bondage persons of color who may be entitled to be free,' and urged the importance of its claims upon all friends of humanity.

He was followed by Henry H. Garnett, David Ruggles, Thomas Jinnings, and Joshua B. Smith, who severally related instances that had occurred within their knowledge of the escape of many a fugitive from the southern prison-house, but who were now in the full possession of their liberty under the banner of Queen Victoria.

Two of the committee on the Mirror of Liberty reported the names of more than twenty subscribers obtained by them during the meeting.

On motion, the proceedings of the meeting were ordered to be published in the Liberator—requesting them to be copied by the Standard, Colored American, Freeman, Philanthropist, and Mirror of Liberty.

On motion, adjourned *sine die*.

BENJAMIN WEEDEN, *Chairman.*
WM. C. NELL, *Secretary.*
Boston, June 4, 1841.

NATIONAL SIN.

The following is an extract from a sermon preached at Oberlin on the National Fast, of the 14th of May, by C. G. Finney.

"I notice the hypocrisy of this nation, in shedding British blood in defence of principles which, when applied to their own wrongs, they have always denied. As the very basis of the Revolution, they publicly declared that 'ALL MEN were born free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are Life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.' Now, at the very time at which this declaration was made—the very men who made it—and the nation that proclaimed these truths, as an excuse for revolution and war, stood with their unsanctified feet upon the necks of the prostrate slave. And from that day to this, this nation, as such, has continued, publicly and practically, when these wrongs were held up to view, to deny the principles upon which the Revolution was based; while, at the same time, she has, in view of the wrongs received from the mother country strenuously maintained them—thus at the same time both maintaining and denying these great truths—when herself oppressed, maintaining them and fighting in defence of them—when accused of oppression, denying them, and ready to fight in support of the opposite doctrine.

I notice the national treatment of the question of the abolition of slavery, another of these heinous sins for which this nation ought to blush. Is it not astonishing, that in this government the friends of the oppressed are not even allowed to petition?—Our government will not so much as suffer itself to be asked to 'undo the heavy burdens.' 'Concerning oppression they speak loftily.' And could we this day meet with the public assemblies at Washington, we might perhaps hear the conduct of Abolitionists, in seeking the abolition of slavery, pointed out as one of the greatest sins of the people, in endeavoring, as they would express it 'to dissolve the Union.'

Great wickedness consists in forming, and in attempting to support a Union upon such principles. It is 'a league of iniquity.' The nation never had a right, in their constitution or in any other way, to recognize the lawfulness of slavery, and guarantee the protection of states in holding their fellow men in bondage. The compact was an utter abomination. The Union was a league against God. And now our public men make this excuse for supporting slavery, that by the stipulation of the constitution, they are bound to do so. Now admitting that the constitution does ever so expressly contain such stipulations, are they, can they be binding? What! can it be obligatory on the nation, or any set of men, to violate the great law of love, because they have promised to do so. Suppose the different states had entered into a stipulation to carry on the slave-trade for ever—could such a promise as this be binding on any of them? Suppose each state had promised to fit out and keep, upon the high seas, a certain number of pirate ships, to rob all the nations of the earth, to supply the public treasury with funds—could such an abominable compact be binding?—Would any state have a right to abide by such a stipulation as this? No; no more than a contract to keep up a perpetual war with heaven could be binding. The fact is that neither individuals nor nations can ever bind themselves by any promise to do wrong, to violate the law of love. Can a man render it lawful for him to murder, by promising to murder? If this be so, any sin may cease to be sin, because obligatory, and consequently a virtue, simply by promising to do it. It is lamentable and shameful, that this nation should try to preserve a union, based upon such principles as these. If the union cannot be preserved, except by abiding by a stipulation to sustain slavery, or not to interfere with it, let it be given up. It is in the highest degree rebellion against God, to attempt to support it upon such principles."

DEATH OF A SIXTY YEAR'S PRISONER.—A short time since, there expired at the prison of Ghent, an old man of eighty, named Pierre Joseph Tocte, who had been incarcerated sixty-three years. His offence, committed at the age of seventeen, was the murder of a young woman, and his sentence (afterward commuted) to be broken on the wheel. When the Cossacks occupied Ghent in 1814, their Hetman gave Tocte his liberty, but standing alone in the world after thirty-six years' captivity, without character or resources of any kind, he obtained as a favor to be allowed to return and die in prison.

"WE DON'T WANT THEM HERE."—"If slavery can't be abolished without the privilege of coming among us, let them remain as they are."

George Lewis, (one of the six who passed through here on Saturday last on their way to Canada,) when asked if he did not wish to wreak his vengeance on his master for his cruelties before he left, replied, "Oh no, I would not injure a hair of his head, if I had the power. He has a wife and four children, and they love him and think a great deal of him, and it would not be right for me to injure so many to gratify the revenge of one."

How to Cook Green Peas.—The common method of cooking this delicious vegetable, by boiling in water, is nearly destructive of its flavor, at least so says a lady who has sent us the following method of preparing them for the table, which, after experience, we must add is a great improvement:—"Place in the bottom of your sauce-pan or boiler, several of the outside leaves of head sallad—put your peas in the dish with two ounces of butter in proportion to half a peck of peas—cover the pan or boiler close, and place it over the fire—in thirty minutes they are ready for the table. They can either be seasoned in the pan or after taken out. Water extracts nearly all the delicious quality of the green pea, and is as fatal to their flavor as it is destructive to a mad dog."

Communications.

LETTER FROM HIRAM WILSON.

TORONTO, June 24th, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Permit a stranger in a strange land, to drop a few lines to the numerous readers of the Anti-Slavery Standard.—I rejoice to know that the paper is in the hands of an early and efficient advocate of Emancipation.

It has been my privilege to labor in the cause of philanthropy upon British shores. Though absent most of the time, for years past, from my native country, my mind has been constantly burdened with the subject of American Slavery.

I have remembered the bondman, and advocated his claims. My humble, but holy calling, has been more especially among the refugees in this province, from American oppression. The grand enterprise now in progress among them for their improvement and elevation has by some been called the "Canada Mission." A communication appeared in the Standard last winter, which emanated from the pen of an enemy from Toronto, who boldly stated, that "a more specious humbug than the so-called Canada Mission was never attempted to be imposed upon the public." I was not disposed then, nor am I now, to repel such base slander, otherwise than by "living it down." Rather I would put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, by exercising that charity which "beareth all things." I wish to state a few facts respecting our humble mission, which may interest the friends of religion and humanity.

Our Mission commenced in obscurity, in the fall of 1836, having only the approbation of Heaven. An unpretending individual, who, for conscience sake, had left the Lane Seminary when required to bow to the "dark spirit of slavery," came over to this province from Oberlin, accompanied by a noble son of the South—a fugitive slave from the State of Virginia. They set their faces towards the North, together. The one was impelled by an irrepressible love of freedom, to seek protection upon foreign shores; the other was constrained by the love of Christ to devote his time and energies to the work of picking up and saving the wrecked of human nature.—Public favor shed down her comforting rays about as sparingly upon the one as upon the other.

The "priest and the Levite" cared for neither. Public odium lowered upon both.

Thus commenced the Canada Mission—thus began the brother of the bleeding victims of avarice and tyranny, his work of justice and charity.

His grand design was to enlighten, comfort, counsel and encourage the star-led pilgrims of America, who had made good their retreat from the most potent and deadly enemy of the human race. Though destitute of pecuniary resources to render him and his associates comfortable, he has prosecuted his labors in the midst of opposition and obloquy, and surmounted difficulties in rapid and continuous succession, neither faltering in his progress, nor deviating from the path of conscious rectitude.

His past experience of Divine goodness has taught him to be "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." His experience, like that of the apostle, has been singularly diversified "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; by honor or dishonor, by evil report and good report, as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying and behold we live; as chastened and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Oft in the midst of penury and embarrassments, his drooping spirits have been cheered by the consoling thought, that he was the adopted son of a rich Father, whose soft soothing whisper from the heavens was, "Fear them not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee,—yea, I will help thee—yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

He has had the pleasure of witnessing important changes and glorious results, which have attended his arduous labors. Herein is the word of promise beautifully fulfilled: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

A word or two for his fellow laborers. These, forty-three in number, (mostly from Oberlin, Ohio,) have in many instances patiently toiled and suffered amidst scenes of distress and anguish, and three of the number, who were devoted even unto death, are now slumbering among the graves of self-exiled Americans, without so much as a slab to point to their silent dust. Yes, those of blessed memory have fallen in the field of conflict.—Could they have died in a better cause?

Who would not rejoice with joy unspeakable to be counted worthy of dropping from the midst of Samaritan-like labors among the Lord's poor, into a premature grave? Said one, a pious woman whose warm, gushing sympathies in the work of humanity grew cold only by the chills of death, a little before her decease at Chatham, last September, "I bless God that I have experienced such a confidence that He will do all things well, and that He will eventually bless this mission, and send salvation to Chatham. I never have had one fear about temporal support; I have lived for years, like the ravens, without barn or store-house, often depending, from day to day, on the kind, faithful Providence of my Heavenly Father, who has always provided for me just what and when I needed." Said another, who still survives to shed around her the sweet fragrance of a holy influence—"What a God, and what a Savior, is ours! We do owe a debt of love that can never be paid. Had I a thousand hearts,—yes, and lives, too,—to give, Lord, they should all be thine. These considerations are sufficient to abase one in the very dust at his feet, that he should thus be mindful of such unworthy, guilty creatures as we are, and even use us as instruments for carrying on his great and glorious designs. He gives us the privilege of raising the fallen, binding up the broken spirits, pouring into the dark mind the light of science and divine truth, and pointing the burdened and heavy-laden to him whose 'yoke is easy and whose burden is light.' Who would not think it a privilege to suffer shame and want, if need be, in such a work? Oh! it is good to do and suffer the will of God."

Said another, in a letter to me, a few weeks since—"I have suffered much for want of sufficient bed-clothing during the long winter, and sometimes expected to take my death, but think I shall yet weather the storm. The suit of clothes which I have on, (and all I have are on me, except my vest and cloak,) I have mended with my own hands, and have worn them one year, I have said nothing about myself. My love, my sympathy is with my Jesus,—how my whole soul leaps, to do his ever blessed will! how much sweet delight I take in suffering for his dear sake. My whole soul leaps at the sound of my dear Jesus' name. It seems at this blessed moment as if none could feel him so preciously as I; my soul is in a flame, and sinks in sweet rapture at my Savior's sweet, inexpressibly *sweet* presence and name. I feel of but very little consequence, have no worthiness, seemingly, and feel better to take the lowest place, and from thence praise Him whom my soul loveth."

Such is the spirit, such the devotion of some, at least, whose energies are absorbed in the work of enlightening the ignorant and binding up the broken hearted in this province. Laboring in this department of philanthropy, in travelling to and from their scenes of Christian effort, they have taken deck passages upon the lakes, exposing themselves to chilling blasts and midnight damps; and in walking upon the land, they have weary limbs, blistered feet, and in some cases, hardly a penny in their pockets, with which to provide against hunger. In some instances, they passed a winter's campaign, doing good among those who had not the power of rewarding them for their services, and were obliged to return pennyless and in debt to Oberlin and to the Oneida Institute, to resume their studies. We fondly hope that it will not be so hereafter, but that a comfortable subsistence will be furnished those who give themselves to the cause of God and humanity.

Gratitude of the people. Gratitude is the last development of the human heart we are to look for, while laboring as reformers. Our Divine Redeemer found it not, except in rare instances. We sometimes meet with it in our varied experience, and it comes like refreshing showers of rain in the midst of withering, parching dearth. Once in the breaking up of winter, and wandering from my way—dissolving snow, slush and mire, came up to my knees. I was in the midst of a swamp, quite bewildered. On getting out, my limbs ached with exhaustion, and my feet were wet and muddy. I fell in with a colored man, formerly a slave in Kentucky. I called for water to wash with. He kindled up a rousing fire, furnished water, and kindly offered to wash my feet. I declined, telling him I was in the habit of washing my own feet. He still insisted. I told him I would not consent, unless he did it in the name of a disciple. "Very well," said he, with a heavenly smile upon his brow, "that is the understanding with me," so I consented.—He washed my feet and made me comfortable for the night. Next morning I made an early start, taking advantage of the frost. Before leaving the humble cottage, we bowed at the family altar in prayer, led by "mine host." He prayed in a fervent, devotional manner; when he lifted his petition to the Great Jehovah for the pilgrim stranger who was with him toiling up and down through the land in behalf of his afflicted people, his soul was filled, his voice faltered, he lost the power of utterance for a season, except to gushing tears of gratitude.

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Says a pious woman, who, seven years ago was wandering up to the North, by dim star-light, for liberty—"We hope you will not be discouraged at the little assistance you receive from our people. Your own good sense and Christian love will be sufficient to excuse them and cause you to continue to be eyes to the blind and knowledge to the ignorant. May God help and speed you, is the constant prayer of your faithful friend and well-wisher in Christ Jesus."

Thirst for knowledge. A very commendable thirst for useful knowledge prevails among the people, especially the youth; and we are happy to discover that education is becoming more and more appreciated.

On the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th days of the present month, we had a Convention of colored delegates at London, which was remarkably interesting. The action of the Convention was harmonious. All were of one mind as to the importance of diffusing widely the blessings of common school instruction. A resolution passed unanimously calling for the establishment of a Manual Labor School. Another was adopted providing for the appointment of a committee of three commissioners, whose duty shall be to explore the country and search out the most suitable location for such an institution. The individual who addresses you is chairman of the committee. We hope to have the concurrence of Friend James C. Fuller, who now holds about $1,700 in money, from England, for the object, and has a hopeful clue at an abundance more.—"The clear silver begins to ring in our ears," and I trust we shall have gratitude and good sense enough to know what to do with it.

As a specimen to illustrate the interest that was manifested in the convention and cause, the noble-minded chairman, Robert Jackson, left his farm and walked sixty miles to the place, and the same distance back again, having weary limbs and swollen, blistered feet, both ways. There stood Josiah Hanson, a methodist preacher of notoriety, whose arms were both broken by slavery, and his mind held in ignorance till he was forty-five years of age, as he stated that he knew not his a, b, c. He plead the cause of Education with such eloquence and power as melted the house into a flood of tears. He said that when but a youth he bought a spelling-book. His master discovered it in his hat, asked him where he got it, how he got it, and how he paid for it. For saying he bought it by selling apples from "*our orchard*," the master raised his fist and knocked him to the earth in a moment, deeming him a thief with no right in the plural possession "*our*." There stood the presiding Elder Samuel H. Brown, earnestly advocating the cause, and fervently thanking God for raising up a "wonderful people called the abolitionists."

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TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXVII.

In the autumn of 1828, Doctor Rich of Easton, in Maryland, went with his wife to her father's in Philadelphia, with the intention of remaining there until after her confinement, which was then near at hand. She took with her a female slave. They remained in Philadelphia several weeks, until she had fully recovered from her confinement. The slave was informed by some of her colored friends, that by being brought into Pennsylvania she had become free; and she called upon me to ascertain if that was the case. After hearing her story, I informed her that the laws of Pennsylvania permitted her master to take her away, unless he should retain her in that State six months; that no doubt he was aware of this circumstance, and would return home before the expiration of that time. She was very much disappointed, and manifested considerable anxiety. After a few minutes' reflection, she said, she would not go to Maryland, but would stay in Philadelphia. I asked her if she thought it would be right to leave her mistress in the situation she then was, without any one to attend upon her. She replied, that she had no scruples on that point, for her master was wealthy, and could readily get as many servants as he wanted.

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Finding she was determined not to return to her master, I gave her such advice as I thought suited her case, and she left my house. She was not under my roof more than ten minutes. The next morning, the doctor and his father-in-law, Parson Wiltbank, an Episcopal clergyman, went in search of the fugitive. A colored woman, who resided in the parson's family, had an acquaintance living in the district of Southwark, and on going there, they found a band-box belonging to the slave. The people being ignorant of the law, the doctor took advantage of this circumstance, and greatly alarmed them by threating them with prosecution for harboring his fugitive slave. They assured him that his woman had been in their house but a few minutes, when she left her empty band-box, and, they believed, had gone to my house, where they supposed she then was.

About eleven o'clock, the same day, Parson Wiltbank called at my house, and after conversing a few minutes on familiar subjects, he related the circumstances of his daughter's visit to Philadelphia, and informing me that the female slave whom she had brought with her had absconded, he inquired if I had seen her. I told him I had, and gave him an account of the interview I had had with her. He said she had been treated with much kindness, and deseanted, at some length, upon her ingratitude, as he termed it, in leaving her master's service. I replied, that *she* gave a very different account of her treatment; but, be that as it might, I could not censure her for trying to get her liberty. He asked if I knew where she was. I informed him that I did not.—He then asked me if I could find her. I told him that I supposed I could; that I believed there were no colored persons in the city who would wish to secrete themselves from me; that they all knew I was their friend. He then said, if I would get her to come to my house that evening, at eight o'clock, he and her master would come there, when I would see that she would acknowledge she had a kind master, would beg his pardon, and gladly return home with him. This proposition excited in my mind indignation and contempt; and I replied, that I did not doubt but that fear would induce her to *profess* all he had said. "But what trait hast thou discovered in my character, that has led thee to suppose I am such a hypocrite as to betray the confidence this poor creature has in me, by placing her in the power of her master in the way thou hast proposed? No, I will never do it; I should never have a moment's peace after doing so." He then asked me to see the woman, and inform her that if she would return, she should not be punished for her offence, and should be treated as though nothing had happened. I informed him that I was perfectly satisfied she would not voluntarily return into bondage; but if it would be any satisfaction to him, or her master, she should be informed of what he had mentioned. He then left me, saying, he would call again in the evening. He called, accordingly, bringing with him Doctor Rich.

I informed them that the message left in the morning had been communicated to the woman, and, as I expected, she refused to return. After some observations in relation to slavery, the doctor, addressing me, said, "She is now in your house, and I can prove it; and if you do not let me see her, I will commence a suit against you to-morrow for harboring my slave." In reply to this, I asked him, "Art thou acquainted with Solomon Law? he resides in thy neighborhood." He answered, "Yes." I proceeded. "He brought three such suits as thou now talkest of bringing, and was defeated in them all. The expense amounted to about seventeen hundred dollars; and he being unable to pay, it ruined him; but perhaps thou hast seventeen hundred dollars to spare." He replied, "Yes, I can spare seventeen hundred dollars."—"Well, thou canst find lawyers enough that need it; and those that do not will be glad to have it; so thou wilt have no difficulty in going to work." They then withdrew, and I saw no more of them until near 11 o'clock that evening; when one of my family informed me that a man was watching my house. Upon going to the front door, I saw a person walking very deliberately up and down the street opposite my house. I went over to him, and thus accosted him: "My friend, art thou watching my house?" He answered, "Yes." "Well," I replied, "it is very kind; but I am quite satisfied with the watchmen employed by the public. I do not think there is any occasion for thy services." He replied, "I have taken my stand, and intend to keep it." I said, "I have no objection;" and returned into the house. Just as I was entering my door, the doctor came up to me, accompanied by two or three other persons. He was wrapped up in a large cloak, which so concealed his person, that, at first sight, I did not know him; but upon discovering who it was, I thus addressed him: "Why, doctor, is this thee parading the streets at this time of the night, and in this inclement weather?" [It was about the time called Christmas.] He replied, "It is." "Art thou watching my house?" "Yes." "Well, now, from motives of kindness, I do assure thee thy slave is not in my house; and that thou mayest not think thyself under the necessity of so exposing thyself, thou mayest search it." In reply to this, he said, that he would get a warrant in the morning, and search it with the proper officer. I then informed him, that if he would see that nothing should be taken from my front room, which I occupied as an office, they might make a watch-house of it; as I observed there were several of them, and it would not be necessary for them all to be out at the same time; but this he declined, and I left them. But just as I was about retiring to bed, I had occasion to go into the kitchen, and found the two colored girls, my domestics, in a very pleasant mood. I concluded I would watch their movements, to see what they would do, without letting them know that I noticed them. One of them put on an old bonnet and cloak, and went to the front door and opened it, looked up the street, and down the street, and saw nobody, for the watchers had secreted themselves; but they were closely observing her movements. At length she suddenly threw open the door, and run down the street at her utmost speed. The party pursued, and soon overtook her. She feigned great alarm, and called the watchman, who arrested the offenders and brought them to me. I told the watchman that those men were watching my house for a fugitive slave, and that they had mistook the individual whom they had so rudely seized, for the person they were seeking. I proposed that they should be set at liberty, and they accordingly were discharged.

The next morning I rose as soon as it was light, went out, and invited those men to come in and warm themselves; but they refused. About sunrise, they all disappeared, but two; and when breakfast was ready, I invited them to take breakfast with me; telling them that one could keep watch, while the other got his breakfast. They thanked me, but informed me that Doctor Rich had told them to hold no communication with me.

About eleven o'clock, the doctor came. I invited him to take a seat, and then asked him how his concerns progressed. He answered, "Not very satisfactorily."—"Why, what's the matter? where is the search-warrant thou talked of getting?" He replied, "The magistrate refused to grant one." I then advised him to call upon Joseph Reed, the Recorder. He said he had been with him, and he also declined to interfere. I then proposed to him to take part of the seventeen hundred dollars, which he said he had to spare, and make application to a lawyer; perhaps *he* could help him out of his difficulty. He said he had been to Mr. Broome, who told him that I knew as much of the law in those cases as he did, and advised him to let the matter alone. I then told him to get an officer, and I would grant him the privilege of searching my house;

land. In various directions, the way is evidently being prepared for equal rights of suffrage between colored and white citizens; thus, those who do not so much as touch politics with a pair of tongs, are helping to throw into the game a powerful and disturbing element.

If you look for great results, remember Texas effectually kept out of the Union by anti-slavery excitement; and ask any diplomatist whether her position, in friendship and alliance with England, is not more favorable to the cause of freedom, than an identity with the interests of our Southern States could possibly have been. True, England purchased the alliance by a base compromise of her own principles, for reasons as selfish as are recorded in the annals of trade; but nevertheless, Texas is far better thus, than as a component part of the Union.

If you ask for the smallest of results, mere straws indicating the direction of the wind, observe, as I have done, a party of children at their Christmas games: hear one little girl repeating, "I love my love with a P, because he is polite—I hate my love with a P, because he is proslavery;" and another, saying, "I love my love with an S, because he is sincere—I hate my love with an S, because he is a slave holder." The unphilosophic only scoff at signs like these; for children prophesy of the Future, which soon will be to them the busy and eventful Present.

In Northampton resides a wealthy man, who made his fortune by selling slaves at auction. He is deacon of a church, esteemed eminently pious, and is certainly a kind and benevolent neighbor. Yet have I heard Irish laborers, as they passed by, say to each other, "Patrick, that grand house was built with money the deacon got by selling women and children for slaves." "Och, and is it true? Well, Phelim, for as grand as it is, I would not like to go to the judgment, with that sin on my soul." This is another straw, showing which way the wind blows.

Mr. Davis, called the Rev. is among us, lecturing and debating in favor of slavery. He comes to the North, at the request of citizens of Georgia, to reconnoitre abolition forces, and ascertain, if possible, the real amount of danger to Southern institutions. The barometer and the thermometer, by which moral atmospheres are tested, are delicate instruments, and I apprehend the Rev. slaveholder has little skill in using them: but even he, with all the flattering unction laid to his soul by commercial and political traders, will yet see cause to suspect that abolitionists are indeed *laying the pipes*. If he cannot discover it elsewhere, let him notice the fact that Congress could not apply the gag to anti slavery petitions, without making a rule that excludes *all* petitions on subjects not mentioned in the President's message.—Let him observe Congresss for the next three years, and then say whether there is not a slow, but constant fire under the thermometer of public sentiment. Who built the fire? Who feeds the flame? Not the multitude; but the despised few.

Thus it has ever been in the history of reforms.—What did the proud Cæsars care for the carpenter's son, and his twelve poor fishermen? Yet the name of Christ has overthrown the statues of Rome, and His precepts have modified the institutions of half the world.

"Who has ever forgotten those lines of Tacitus, inserted as a small, transitory, altogether trifling circumstance in the history of such a potenate as Nero? To us it is the most earnest, sad, and sternly significant passage that we know to exist in writing: 'So, for the quieting of this rumor, [of his having set Rome on fire] Nero judicially charged therewith, and punished with most studied severities, that class hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call *Christians*. The originator of that name was one Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by sentence of the Procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for the time, again broke out, not only over Juden, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city also, where from every side all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish.'

"Tacitus was the wisest, most penetrating man of his generation; and to such depth, and no deeper, has he seen into this transaction, the most important that has occurred, or can occur, in the annals of mankind.

"The same uncertainty in estimating present things and men holds, more or less, in all times; for in all times, even those which seem most trivial and open to research, human society rests on inscrutably deep foundations."*

Who that saw Martin Luther fomenting a local dispute between Augustan and Dominican friars, could realize that Great Britian would thence become a Protestant nation, and the moral centre of the world?

When Thomas Clarkson was called to write a college theme, and chose the slave trade for his subject, what prophet could foresee the magnificent results from a beginning apparently so inadequate?

A few years since, a poor, unknown printer, came to Boston, content to live on bread and water, if he might thereby publish to the world the sufferings of the slave. Men laughed loudly in derision, when he declared, "I shall speak in thunder-tones—and I *will* be heard."—Yet even now the influence of the doctrines he announced is more or less directly felt, from the most obscure Lyceum of a country town to the Senate of the nation.

Thus it has ever been. While the nominally great men of the age are busy with their worldly plans, fashioning cunning devices in the pride of their own wisdom, vainly seeking to render institutions permanent when the spirit that formed them has vanished, in some obscure corner an unnoticed individual becomes the nucleus of manifested principles destined to regenerate the world.

Let not abolitionists be disturbed by the oft repeated question, what have you done? or what can you do? "Scattered Truth was never, never wasted." That which we have sown broad-cast is yielding fruit an hundred fold. Sow it more widely, and with redoubled diligence. Its power is invincible. Men may boast or rave as they will, but they cannot long continue a practice at variance with the moral sentiment of their age.

They tell us our numbers are contemptibly small. I only wish our faith and moral courage were as strong as our numbers. It is not numerical strength we need. You, or I, dear reader, if we had sufficient zeal and perseverance, could alone keep the anti-slavery agitation active during our day and generation; and this by no merit in ourselves, but simply from the excellence of our cause. If true principles be uttered with earnest sincerity, no exertion of policy on the part of opponents, and no want of policy in the advocate, can possibly prevent their triumphant progress.

The veriest old woman, in the smallest country town, can, if she will, keep a time-serving Congress in constant confusion, and the whole South in a perpetual ferment; for, as the Scotch proverb expresses it, "A haggis hersel can charge *down* hill."—L. M. C.

* Thomas Carlyle.

Public Sentiment is all rightg at the North.

A very popular and distinguished clergyman, in the city of New-York preached a Thanksgiving sermon, filled, as usual, with eulogiums on his country. Among other boastings, he pronounced America the only country where every individual had the full enjoyment of all his rights; where every person, when he rose in the morning, could say, 'Through the whole of this day I am free to pursue my own interest, and my own happiness, in my own way.'

In the porch of the meeting-house a lady said to him, "When you uttered that sentiment, what did you do with the three millions of slaves?"

With slight hesitation, he replied, "*I forgot them.*"

"I am sorry to hear that," she rejoined; "I hoped you at least remembered them, but thought it inexpedient to mention it. Now, I pray you, go home and remember them."

"Do you suppose other people thought of the omission?"

"I should suppose those of common knowledge and reflection could scarcely do otherwise. As I came out, one lady asked where your memory could have been."

The sermon was afterward preached in a neighboring town, and contained a little sneaking sentence about slavery.

"In those days there shall be like people and like priest."

"They are happier than they would be free."

I once went to see a very fine caravan of African animals, exhibited in Boston. I remarked to the keeper that it was always painful to me to see such noble and majestic creatures confined within the narrow limits of a cage. "Oh," replied he, "they are a great deal happier than they were in freedom. In their native deserts they were often obliged to go whole days without food; and when they found anything to eat they half killed themselves by their voracity. Here, they are regularly fed every day, with as much as is good for them, and the evolutions they are taught to perform are sufficient exercise." I wished I could ask the lion *his* opinion; but I thought I could read it in his listless posture and dejected looks.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, NO. 1.

Some of our subscribers, members of this society, who live remote from the city of New-York, have reminded us of a promise made some time ago, that they should be kept acquainted, through our columns, with the progress of certain proceedings of Friends in relation to slavery, in these parts. As these transactions may implicate the character of the society at large, we are not surprised at this solicitude; and although the duty that devolves upon us is a painful one, we cannot as impartial journalists shrink from it, hoping we shall be able so to steer our course as to give no *just cause of offence.*

We have waited in expectation of learning, before this time, the final action of the Monthly Meeting of New-York in the case of the three friends now under censure, on account of their connexion with this paper; but as there seems no prospect of an early decision, we shall wait no longer.

Those who have read our paper may remember some remarks in our 1st number, vol. 2, respecting an association composed exclusively of members of the society of Friends, for the support of their well-known testimony against slavery; and that they had been refused permission to meet in the meeting house of Friends in Rose-street. As it may reasonably be inferred, that this body had committed some act of indiscretion at least, to be so treated, and finding on enquiry that their "reports" were deemed objectionable, we shall, in the first place, insert those "reports," that each enquirer may form his own judgment respecting them.—L. M. C.

At a Meeting of the New-York Association of Friends for the RELIEF of those held in SLAVERY, and the improvement of the Free People of Color, held at Westbury, the 24th of 7th month, 1840, the Acting Committee made the following Report, which was adopted, and they were directed to have five hundred copies printed for the use of the members of the Association, and Friends generally, viz:

To the New-York Association of Friends, &c.:—The Committee appointed the 6th of 7th month, 1840, "To prepare a Report of the proceedings of the Association during the last year, together with such remarks and suggestions on the past and present aspect of things within this Yearly Meeting, in respect to our testimony against Slavery, as may appear best," make the following Report.

In entering on this service, the Committee believe it right to take a view of the causes that led to the formation of this Association, and briefly to notice its labors, &c.

The religious Society of Friends, for a considerable time after its first organization, found its members in common with others, involved in the practice of holding their fellow-creatures in slavery; but the Light and Power of Truth early made them uneasy with it. In attending to this Light and Power, they had seen, and been enabled to surmount great difficulties, and were not to be deterred by the magnitude of this enormity from the fearless fulfilment of required duty. It was not, however, until after years of painful labor that the Society could advance so far as to prohibit its members from dealing in slaves as an article of traffic, which they had previously done with as little apparent compunction as we now deal in the products of their unrequited toil; and one Monthly Meeting, by way of relieving a poor woman Friend, actually purchased for her a female slave, as is shewn by the records of the Monthly Meeting of Flushing, Long-Island.

The discoveries of Truth, however, as yielded to, are continually advancing, and a number of its faithful advocates could have no peace in folding their talents in a napkin, and notwithstanding the pain it gave the great body of Friends, John Woolman and others, persevered in their labors, until that body became so far enlightened and willing to be just, as to forbid their members from directly holding slaves. A large field of labor was yet spread before them, which they indeed entered, but which it was only for succeeding generations to reap. These faithful laborers fulfilled the work of their day, drank the cup of suffering assigned them, eat also their manna, and were gathered into rest.

The storms of reproach and persecution that had long beaten upon the Society, and kept its eye steady towards the Haven of Peace, subsided. The integrity of our early Friends had made way for them in the public mind, and they were now to undergo the more dangerous trial of prosperity.

The world, its pleasures and its wealth, allured them, and as their popularity and influence increased, it was but too obvious that the standard of their testimonies declined, and that against slavery in a more especial manner. The ships of Friends were laden with the products of slave-labor. Their wealth, and in some instances their support, seemed drawn from the system, and all were more or less implicated in its support. Hence a disposition became more and more manifest to listen with reluctance to the cries of the oppressed, or to appeals on their behalf. And when the subject of slavery was introduced into our meetings, even under the clearest sense of religious duty, it has been deemed intrusive, unauthorized, and tending to disturb the meeting. It was said that Providence could remedy the evil, and he only, and why not suffer *him* to do his own work. In vain has it been shown that this language tends to relieve *man* from all accountability, and fixes his crimes on his Creator; that slavery would cease at once and for ever, were it not for man's opposition to the Divine will, in the abuse of his free agency. In vain has it been proposed that, seeing the Society has long professed to bear a testimony against slavery, and that it is at least of equal magnitude with the Indian concern, it should be placed like that, under the care of a standing committee of the Yearly Meeting, *to avail themselves of every right opening to support it.* A regular channel would then be open to report annually, and the society might labor together harmoniously. This proposition, unobjectionable as it has appeared to us, has been repeatedly rejected; and Friends who have felt the weight of this testimony, and the necessity laid upon them to bear it faithfully, unwilling any longer to intrude a subject so unpleasant to their friends, if it could be avoided—*met*, the 2d of 6th month, 1839, and formed this association.

In the progress of their labors, the acting committee have printed and circulated one thousand copies of the "Address on Slavery," issued by the committee of the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia.

They have also procured and distributed five hundred copies of "Extracts and Observations on the Foreign Slave-trade," published by the same body; and have subscribed for one thousand copies of a work "on the Domestic Slave-trade in the United States," which were expected from the committee in Philadelphia, before this time.

A correspondence has been opened with an association similar to our own, in Philadelphia, which is inserted in our Minutes.

As many of the members and friends of this association are remotely situated from each other, it seems desirable that some channel of intercourse should be opened, oftener than that afforded by the recurrence of the Yearly Meeting, and the subject is referred for your consideration.

There has been subscribed towards the funds of the institution, during the short period of its continuance, 83 80

Expended in printing and purchasing the publications mentioned, 30 45

Balance in the treasurer's hands, $53 35

The acting committee have had to labor through many discouragements, and a weight of opposition. Notwithstanding this, at our last annual meeting fourteen friends gave in their names as additional members, and it is our impression that the association may usefully continue its sittings and its labors, until the yearly meeting shall see fit to release them, by reassuming and carrying on this noble testimony. Should they, however, abandon it, the seed already sown will not be lost. Other minds have indeed become enamored of this testimony, and feel bound to support it through good and through evil report, and the work of reformation, we believe, will yet go on in the earth.

It is said that those associations are formed in the will of man, and that they are pursuing altogether wrong measures. If we make these charges, we deem it incumbent on us to show, by our fruits, that we ourselves are on a better foundation, by adopting a better course of action for the abolition of slavery. But it is a mournful fact, that those among us who declaim most against the efforts of others, and against Friends associating with them in their labors, are equally opposed to all and every mode of action among ourselves, for the removal of this evil.

Meanwhile, like the Israelites formerly under Egyptian bondage, the victims of oppression have multiplied exceedingly in our land, and now number nearly three millions of persons, adding thereto more than one thousand weekly. The crisis is approaching! If one individual be not beneath the regard of our heavenly Parent, can the cries of this multitude escape his notice? Surely not! And, strong in the faith that the time of their deliverance is drawing nigh, we have craved that the hearts of men might so yield to the tendering visitations of divine grace, that the bonds of these, our brethren, might be broken in *mercy* and not in *judgment*.

Signed on behalf of the association,
CHARLES MARRIOTT, } *Clerks.*
SARAH H. MARSHALL, }

☞LEWIS TAPPAN acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars from T. B. Moses, being the amount of a collection taken for the benefit of Celia Lovejoy and child, at Sommerworth, N. H., at the close of an address delivered by John Parkinson, of Dover, before the Great Falls Anti-Slavery Society.

Harriet Martineau, in a letter to a friend of the Editor, makes the following remark concerning "The Hour and the Man."

"The enthusiasm about the character of the man is unbounded. I am continually receiving testimonies from those who knew him personally that he was indeed all that my authorities led me to believe and represent him. There is no exaggeration; much as your Southern States will scoff. They know nothing whatever of the capacities of the negro. Miss Edgeworth has written me a long letter full of the most affectionate enthusiasm about this book."

Anti-Slavery Items.

What the South demands.—We copy the following from the Richmond Whig of the 25th ult., in order that the North may understand, in season, what her master (the South) intends to do at the next session of Congress.

"When the subject comes up again, stronger action than is contemplated by the 21st rule will be proposed. The true friends of the South will not be satisfied with adopting that rule, by which the controversy will only be deferred for two years, *when the South will be much weaker than she is at present.* They will then REQUIRE that the question be settled, one way or the other. They will call upon the North to show their hands—to claim all they want—and to have a full and final settlement of accounts. The 21st rule is, at most, a mere temporary expedient; and without giving any permanent protection to our rights, serves to inflame the public mind at the North, and keep alive the agitation. We want something more substantial, and more conclusive—and that WE WILL HAVE, at the regular session. We will know of the North what they desire. If they ask nothing more than we can grant, there will be an end to the contest—if they ask more, we can refuse it—and if they persist, we can resort to *that extremity, which, if it be inevitable, the sooner it comes the better.*

The nature of that dreadful "extremity" so solemnly hinted at, in the closing sentence, we do not profess to understand. We hope, however, that our Southern friends do not mean to imitate the rash example of the foolish urchin who———*threatened* to hang himself because his father would not let him set the house on fire!

Proposal of Mr. Botts.—It will be recollected, that Mr. Botts of Virginia, during the recent debate in Congress on the right of petition, expressed himself in favor of receiving the anti-slavery petitions, and referring them to a committee, with John Q. Adams at its head. On this subject, the Richmond Whig says:

"Mr. Botts's proposition is the mode which we would adopt to bring the matter to an issue. Submit the whole question to gentlemen from the North. That would test the real friends of the Constitution and the South. If we have friends at the North, they would then fight our battles for us. If we have no such friends, the sooner we ascertain the fact the better. From the action of a committee thus composed, we could learn on what we had to rely. If that action be in support of our constitutional rights,—and we believe it would be,—it would exert a more healthful influence, and have greater weight at the North, than any measure emanating from Southern members. But if that action be adverse to us, then it devolves upon us to look after our own safety, and the sooner we do it the better."

A report from a Northern committee, such as that which the Whig anticipates, would indeed have "weight" at the North; but it would be a "weight" to sink its authors in the indignation and abhorrence of a sufficient number of voters to control the elections! If our Northern politicians do not believe what we say, let them try the experiment.

A Northern Answer to a Southern Question.—During the recent debate in Congress, Mr. Rayner of N. C. put the following case as an illustration of his views of the right of petition on the subject of slavery. "Suppose," he said, "petitions were presented from the followers of Fanny Wright, asking Congress to abolish the institution of marriage, would the gentleman (Mr. Adams) advocate their reception?" Mr. Adams replied—"Let me tell the gentleman that one of the most damning features of slavery is that it *does* abolish the institution of marriage."

Rev. J. N. Danforth.—Many of our readers will remember this individual as an agent, in 1832-3, of the American Colonization Society. Subsequently, while settled as a minister at Lee, Mass., we understood he became an abolitionist; but he is now settled over a church in our national slave-mart, where he preached a sermon on the day of the late nation-fast, which we see noticed in the religious papers. The doctrine which he enforced was, that "*equity of principle*, and *exactitude of retribution* lie at the foundation of God's government." If this doctrine be true, with what infinite abhorrence must God have looked upon the conduct of this nation in pretending to fast, while it held millions of human beings in slavery? And what must be *his* estimate of the character of a professed Christian teacher, who, within sight of the shambles where men, women and children are bought and sold, could refrain, *on such a day*, from lifting up his voice like a trumpet, and showing the people their hypocrisy and guilt?

The London Courier ascribes the appointment of Mr. Turnbull as British Consul at Havana, to the anti-slavery interest, and says, "he has too much sunk the consul in the anti-slavery missionary." This is pretty good evidence of the faithfulness of Mr. T. as an abolitionist.

Wm. L. Garrison, delivered an address on the 5th of July, at the Malboro Chapel, Boston.

A writer in the Emancipator, says:

"Who first suggusted the idea of petitioning President Tyler to emancipate his slaves? I like the measure. Let the ball be kept in motion. While in Europe last year, the taunt was often cast in my teeth, that with all our boasted love of liberty, we were practically a nation of slaveholders. Then let petitions breathing a tone of earnest but respectful remonstrance throng around our chief magistrate, urging him to save the Republic from the scorn and contempt which will be hissed upon it by every enemy of liberty in Europe; *that 'the free United States,' who proclaim the perfect equality of man as their fundamental law, are ruled by one who traffics in the bodies and souls of his fellow Americans.*"

The town of Dayton in Ohio, noted for its mobs has become reconciled to listen to Abolition lecturers, some two or three of which have recently been delivered without any disturbance.

Attempted Escape of a Slave.—The Norfolk Herald states that a slave belonging in Petersburgh, eloped on Sunday last from his owner, who suspecting that he had been secreted on board of the schooner Three Sisters, Johnson, for Boston, which had sailed the day before, immediately took the steamer Patrick Henry in hope of overtaking the vessel. He succeeded in overhauling her, and search being made, the slave was found secreted and taken back.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

There is no late news of great importance.

ENGLAND.

The debate on the "want of confidence in the ministry" terminated on June 5th by vote—a majority of *one* against the ministry.

It was understood that the Queen would perform the ceremony of the dissolution of Parliament by commission, and not in person. Lord John Russell had consented to stand as candidate to represent the city of London in the new House of Commons.

Prince George of Cumberland has become stone blind.

Trade and manufactures dull, but said to be slightly improving. Weavers of many sorts in Manchester have orders to be without work one month.

The machinery, in a great number of factories, within ten miles of Manchester, is in operation only four days per week.

A number of very heavy commercial failures have taken place.

There has been some serious riots at Nottingham, and the military have been called out.

GERMANY.

The London Times speaks thus of a document presented by the city of Breslau to the provincial Diet of Silesia, and not allowed to appear in the leading German newspapers.

"This paper is in fact a declaration of rights, preferred in language which cannot be misunderstood, to the Sovereign of Prussia by the second city in his kingdom. It recapitulates with great clearness and accuracy the precise preriods and occasions at which the Cabinet of Berlin pledged itself to substitute a more complete charter of constitutional freedom for those assemblies of a deliberative rather than a legislative character, which were partially revived in pursuance of the final act of the Congress of Vienna, and which have been solemnly re-organized and somewhat enlarged by the present King of Prussia on his accession.

Whatever may be the positive consequences of this and similar demonstrations, and they will probably slowly arrive at maturity, one result is more certain and immediate, which may not be altogether without effect on the political relations of Europe.

If the opinions recently expressed by the magistrates and deputies of Breslau are, as we suppose them to be, those of a considerable portion of the enlightened middle classes of Prussia, the struggle between the prerogative of the Crown and the constitutional claims of the people has seriously begun—a struggle, we trust, not destined to end in the injury or dissolution of the State, by the abuse of triumphant power on the one side or the other, but rather to prepare, by secure and gradual changes, the political education of the Prussian people, and their influence over the rest of Germany."

THE EAST.

Insurrectionary movements in Bulgaria, Albania, Syria, Crete, &c., daily become more alarming. Recruits are being raised and arms distributed throughout the whole Archipelago. At Trebizond the population consisting of Christians, Turks, and Jews, immediately went over to the Russian territory, where they were provided with money and promised exemption from taxes for ten years.

In the memory of man, a more abundant crop of all kinds of grains was never seen in Egypt than that of the present year. The Government calculates on being able to dispose of nearly 2,000,000 ardebs of corn. The cotton crop would also considerable exceed that of 1840, which amounted to 140,000 quaintals.

Africa.—The packet brig Randolph, Groning, from Monrovia, dates to April 2d. The Colonial schooner Hard-Times, owned at Bassa Cove, was wrecked on the 6th of March near the mouth of the Sinoe River. The object of her visit to that place was to purchase land of the natives for the American Colonization Society. The schooner and cargo were a total loss; the latter belonged to the Liberians in part, and was worth some $1,000. The supercargo and crew were taken off and conducted home by the Nathan Bangs.

The Rose Slug.—The Boston Courier contains a communication from David Haggeston, in which he claims to have discovered a cheap and effectual mode of destroying the *Rose Slug*, in any stage of its existence. The remedy is *whale oil soap*, dissolved at the rate of two pounds to fifteen gallons of water, applied through a hand engine or syringe. The same application is effectual, against the Vine Fretter, the Plant Louse, the Black Fly, a destructive insect that infests the young shoots of the Cherry and the Snow Ball tree, two insects that are destructive to evergreens, the Red Spider, the Canker Worm, and the *Disease Mildew*, on Gooseberry, Peach, Grape Vines, &c.

Southern Refinement.—The Washington correspondent of the New-York Herald, in his report of the debate in the House of Representatives last Tuesday, says that while Mr. Adams was speaking, the members clustered around him, standing, and prominently among them, stood a Southern member WITH A CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH! another was *comfortably enjoying his Cigar behind the Speaker's chair!* while others were lolling their feet on their desks! and one Eastern member was submitting to an angry reproof for calling another member to order!—These are probably some of Governor M'Duffie's "doubtless lovers of liberty"—"born to command," and *to do as they're a mind to.—Northamp.*

Mob at Cincinnati.—On the 26th ult. a Constable of Cincinnati in company with a gentlemen from Kentucky went to the house of one Burnet in search of a slave secreted in the house of the latter. After something of a scuffle they succeeded in finding and arresting the negro; but in the mean time a mob of several hundred persons had gathered about the door and showed a disposition to make an attack upon the house. Some of the windows were broken, but the crowd was finally dispersed by assurances that Burnet and his associates were in jail, and would be held to a strict accountability for any violations of law of which they had been guilty.

Base Deception.—The St. Johns (N. B.) News contains an account of a scandalous transaction toward their passengers on the part of the officers of the Montreal Packet, which recently arrived at this city, and has since returned to St. Johns. It seems that on leaving Dublin many emigrants in destitute circumstances were induced to take passage in her by representations that she was to sail directly for this city. Instead of this, she was taken to St. Johns, thus bitterly disappointing many of these poor foreigners in their hopes of meeting their friends in this city, and subjecting them to severe privations from scanty and insufficient food. During the vessel's stay at St. Johns, the proper authorities there did their best to redress these grievances forcing the owner to supply his victims with provisions at an expense of about £15 per day. The officers of the Packet felt the force of this argument, soon set sail for this city, landed their passengers at Quarantine, and sailed again for St. Johns.

The Steamship burned at Sea.—We published yesterday the account that Capt. Sawyer, of the brig Augusta, fell in with a steamship about 90 miles from Cape Hatteras, burned to the water's edge. By many it is believed that this was the wreck of the President, burned at sea instead of whelmed beneath the waves. The captain could clearly distinguished some portions of her machinery; such as crank, shaft &c., and as she rolled, the guard scuppers and wheel-houses were plainly seen, as were also the upright stancheons amidships which support the piston and lever. All on board concurred in believing that the wreck seen was that of a steamboat. But it is much more difficult to decide what boat it could be. It may be that the captain and crew were mistaken in believing it to be a steamer, and that it was the wreck seen in lat. 28 N. lon. 72 W. by the Jessie Ritchie, on the 7th of April, which arrived at Falmouth May 17th; this was visited by the captain, and found to be North American built, from four to five hundred tons, lying on the starboard side, and burned to the water edge. It may be recollected, too, that the steamer North Carolina, plying between Wilmington and Charleston, was run into at night last fall, and sunk not far from where this wreck was discovered. It is by no no means impossible that some of her machinery may have been detached, and that she had risen to the surface. At any rate, until more circumstances are known, there appears to be the slightest possible reason for believing this wreck to to be that of the President.—*Tribune.*

Thief-Detector.—W. P. Barker, of Boston, has invented an apparatus which may be introduced into the most common bank and store locks, and which will give immediate and loud notice of any improper entry. The machinery is attached to an air chamber, (into which air is compressed with a pump,) by wires connected with the bolt, door, windows, or other opening to the store; any movement to the wires, sets in motion the machinery, and opens a whistle which continues to blow till the machinery is run down. The noise produced may be heard a great distance, and is similar to the steam-whistles attached to locomotives on our rail-roads.—*Tribune.*

Trouble at Harvard College.—The Boston papers bring us accounts of some disgraceful disturbances in the University at Cambridge. What the origin was we cannot learn. It seems, however, that one of the tutors, a Mr. Wheeler, had become greatly obnoxious to many of the students, who resolved to force him to leave his situation. After sundry exploits of a mischievious character, they held a meeting last Monday night, at which it was resolved to wait upon the Faculty, and if they refused to comply, to refuse to perform their College duties. Just as they were forming a procession, the obnoxious Tutor, with Tutor of Latin, appeared and ordered them to disperse. A wild uproar succeeded—the officers were grossly insulted, and, after amusing themselves for a while, the students dispersed. Mr. Wheeler sent in his resignation to the Faculty, which was declined; some of the students were promptly expelled, and the rest have come to their senses.

An Appalling Scene.—Alluding to the arrival of a shipload of emigrants at that port, the Baltimore Clippers says:

"The healthy, the sick, the dying and the dead were intermingled, and great distress was consequently experienced. On arriving at the quarantine ground, every effort was made for the relief of the sick by the port physician, but, having no hospital in which he could place them, we believe they were removed to another vessel."

On the 1st December, 1841, *The Western Rail Road will be opened*, for passengers and for freight, all the way by rail road from Boston to Albany. *Boston* will, of course, be during the whole of next winter *the support* for the most productive portion of the State of New-York, containing according to the U. S. Census of 1840, 1,373,000 inhabitants. The rich tract of country will then naturally draw from Boston its winter supply, as well as the supply for its early spring trade. It will, at once, send a vast amount of its products to Massachusetts; and through Massachusetts, to various parts of New England and to the British provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and to Cuba, Hayti, and other West India Island where *new* lard, *new* beef, *new* pork, and *new* flour are highly prized. It will furnish a large number of passengers.—*Boston Transcript.*

Suicide.—We learn from the Lynn (Mass.) Record, that a man named Benjamin Burrill was found dead, hanging by the neck from a tree, in that town on Monday last. He had been irregular in his habits, and was supposed to be laboring under partial derangement at the time of his death.

Another.—We learn from the Lowell Courier, that a man named Charles Brown, of that city, recently overseer of the color room on the Merriman Corporation, committed suicide, a few days since, by hanging himself, in Tyler's woods in Chelmsford. He had been intemperate.

On the 5th of July, some New-York ladies presented the Washington Temperance Society with a beautiful banner, representing the happy wife surrounded by her children, and saying to her reformed husband, entering the door—

And are you sure, my John, you've sign'd,
And are you sure 'tis past?
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home,
On Temperance shores at last.

The N. Y. Catholic Temperance pledge is in the form of a Cross, at the foot of a spirited engraving representing Daniel O'Connell, receiving the pledge at the hands of Father Matthew.

Salem, Mass., has hitherto been conspicuous for opposition to the temperance movement; but at the late anniversary, the only celebration was in temperance style. They have, moreover, refused to license a single dram shop or booth.

The Protestant Clergy in Baltimore have recommended preaching in the streets and market places of that city, after the manner of primitive days. The attempt was made last Sabbath in different portions of the city, with singular good success. The audience was numerous and attentive.

Boston, the Greatest Cotton Market.—The Boston Daily Advertiser claims for that city the title of the Great Cotton Market of the Union, as she imported in 1840, 136,000 bales, being a larger quantity than was received at any other port. The estimated receipt of 1841 is 150,000 bales.

For the bite of a Snake.—The most simple and convenient remedy I have ever heard of, is Alum. A piece the size of a hickory nut, dissolved in water and drank or chewed and swallowed, is sufficient. I have good authority for saying that it has been tried many times on men and dogs, and that they have invariably recovered. I know of some planters whose hands are exposed to be bitten by rattle snakes, who keep them always provided with it in their pockets, and that they have several times found use for it.—*Macon Messenger.*

The Milk Sickness.—The Louisville Journal states that further experience in Indiana and Illinois has established the fact, that "milk sickness" may be prevented by salting the cattle freely.

Meteoric Stone.—Prof. Froost, in his late Geological report to the Legislature of Tennessee, describes a meteoric stone which fell near Crosby's Creek, the original weight of which was two thousand pounds. It is not known when it fell.

Prof. Froost says, that from a brilliant steel polish on some parts of the mass, it was supposed to be silver ore by the inhabitants of the vicinity, and was divided into fragments, which are highly valued. One man asks 1500 dollars for a piece which would not be worth that sum by some hundred dollars if it were pure silver.

A Mr. Wens, overseer of a plantation near Grand Gulf, (Miss.) disappeared mysteriously a few days since and has not since been heard of. It is supposed that he was murdered by some of his negroes. Three of them have been arrested on suspicion.

Most Brutal.—Dr. Buffington, who has charge of one of the Dispensaries in Philadelphia, a few days since deliberately burned with lunar caustic the form of a cross in the forehead of a little girl under his care, to punish her for singing in the morning! The scar will probably never be removed. The heartless Doctor was held to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars to answer for the offence.

Another 'Affray.'—On Tuesday, the 13th, some men at St. Louis took a skiff, owned by a Mr. Forrester, to cross the river. He came after them, when a quarrel ensued, in the course of which Forrester received a blow from an oar, of which he died the next day.

Life at the South.—A dispute recently arose at La Grange, Ga. between a student of Milledgeville Academy aged seventeen, named Nicholas, and a young man by the name of Lane, clerk in a store. Nicholas stabbed Lane in the breast, who turned and drew a pistol; but fell before he could draw the trigger.

Murder of Three Children by their Mother.—The St. Louis New Era of the 18th says, that the negro woman belonging to Wm. Woods, Esq. of Clay County, recently destroyed her three children, the oldest eight years of age, by drowning them in a creek. She afterwards told a negro man what she had done, and where they might be found; and expressed the intention of drowning herself. The children were found laid out and protected by some boughs to shade their faces. As nothing has yet been heard of the unhappy mother, it is supposed that she put her threat into execution.—*Tribune.*

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

We learn that, notwithstanding the backwardness of the spring, the crops in this country are on the whole unusually promising. Rye was so far advanced as to receive some injury from the spring drought, but winter and spring wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, promise an abundant yield. The crop of hay will also be good.—*Newburgh Telegraph.*

The newspapers in many districts are predicting short crops. We are happy to say that we are informed that the prospect in this vicinity is more promising than it has been for years.—*Trenton Gazette.*

Much fear has been expressed that the Wheat crop was injured by the recent wet weather. But we are happy to perceive that it is entirely uninjured, and gives promise of an abundant harvest. We observe similar gratifying accounts in the papers from other sections of the Union.

The Indian Corn and Oats have thrived beyond example during the warm and moist weather. Some Corn in this neighborhood is already over three feet high.—*Delaware State Jour.*

Within the last few days we have been visited with refreshing showers of rain, which have already had the effect of improving the appearance of the country. The grass and crops generally, however, are suffering severely from the unusual drought which has this season been experienced in this section of the Province.—*Kingston (U. C.) Chronicle.*

We are afraid the wheat crop will be short. The brief accounts we have received from other States are not flattering. In several parts of Virginia the prospects were very promising—but we understand, the late heavy rains, falling at the very moment when the latter wheat was ripening, and the harvest for the forward was coming on, will seriously injure it. The rust has appeared, and is doing much injury. But it is impossible for us from the information before us to estimate the degree of loss which will be sustained. We do not understand, that any price has yet been fixed for wheat—but it promises to command a good price.

The corn, which has been kept back by the late Spring, is now rapidly improving.—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, June 29th.*

We rejoice that the honest cultivators of the soil are now able to obtain fair prices for the products of their industry. We fear, however, that there is an effort making greatly to underrate the amount of the coming crops with a view to speculation, by giving an undue price to the immense quantity of bread-stuffs now in the hands of dealers. Unless some great calamity shall befal the grain now standing, before it shall be harvested, there must be a large surplus in the country, and the market price cannot rule above the value of wheat and flour to ship for Europe.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

The Grain Crops.—This region of country was visited on Friday last with a very heavy rain; on Monday and Tuesday, we had also plenty of rain, which has been highly beneficial to the Corn and Potatoes. The wheat crop, we believe, will be a fair average, should there be not too much rain between this time and harvest. Our farmers say that the wheat only wants sunshine now.—The adjoining counties of Maryland have also been visited with several refreshing rains lately, and we learn their prospects for a good crop are quite flattering.—*Harrisburg (Va.) Gaz.*

The Wheat Crop.—We have the most cheering intelligence from the interior. The fields promise a prolific harvest. The aggregate crop will be nearly double that of last year, and will amount to between four and five millions of bushels. The amount of pork, too, will be proportionably increased. Michigan, therefore, has no reason to despair. Her wheat and pork will command a good currency, and soon all will be well.—*Detroit Ad. 22d of June.*

The Rain.—A gentleman from Clarendon, Orleans co. says they have had no rain there of late worth mentioning; while we learn from Mendon that the ground in the cornfields was wet to the depth of four or five inches.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Pospects in Ohio.—A commission house in Cleveland, who have means for a general knowledge of the state of the spring wheat crop along the line of the Ohio canal, writes to a correspondent in this city, under the date of June 23d—"The growing crop since the late rains looks more promising, and we think that the prospect of an average crop may be called good."

This corroborates what we learn from a gentleman from the Mississippi county. He says he saw no want of rain until he reached Mount Vernon, Ohio—from which place to this the drought has been severe.—*Rochester Democrat.*

BUFFALO, June 26.

Rain.—We have had a copious shower this morning. The water fell moderately and continued to rain a sufficient length of time to moisten well the thirsty earth.—We rejoice to see by our latest exchange papers, that all Western New-York has been highly favored with reviving showers within the last few days. The weather could not be more favorable to the interests of the husbandman.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

The Crops and the Weather.—The copious shower which have fallen recently in this vicinity, have been of incalculable benefit. The drought had previously been so excessive, that great fears were entertained of a total destruction of all growing crops that were not too far advanced to be beyond a liability to injury. As it is, the crop of grass must of necessity be small, excepting on low grounds. Rye, which is the principal winter grain raised in this section, looks remarkably well, and will soon be ready for cutting. Corn is extremely backward, although it has grown very rapidly for the last three or four days, and the prospects of a good crop are improving. Spring grain promises an average crop.—*Troy Whig.*

Rain.—We have had frequent showers and a fine growing time ever since the heavy rain of Thursday last. Last night about 11 o'clock, it commenced raining gradually, and when our paper went to press this morning it was pouring down, and the prospect was fair for a plenty of that which is so much needed.—*Rochester Democrat, June 28th.*

"The hay crops of this neighborhood, if ever the sun shines sufficiently to cure it, will be large. The wheat and rye crops are comparatively light. The oats, corn, and potatoe crops promise an abundant yield, and take matters as they are, our farmers are in very good humor with the prospect for the coming harvest."—*Harrisburgh Reporter, June 26.*

We have been blessed with several copious showers here during the last two or three days. The atmosphere has improved much under their influence; and vegetation, which before was assuming a mid-summer appearance, has taken a new start, and looks fresh, vigorous and delightful.—*Cincinnati Gaz. June 25.*

Crops.—The country in this city has suffered comparatively little from drought. We have frequently had showers, and were last Saturday blessed with a copious rain. We are

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not the habit of the Steinmark family to canvass the failings of any guests whom chance might bring to visit them in their remote retirement. The rareness of the occurrence made the face of a stranger welcome, and the genuine kindness of the family temper would generally have prevented any very severe animadversions even in cases where it was not so. But on the present occasion, the extraordinary conduct of Karl demanded explanation, and it could only be given by imparting a portion at least of the information he had received respecting Whitlaw.

Had Lotte been present, this must have been necessarily abridged: but as it was, Karl felt it a duty sufficiently to enlighten his father and mother on the subject, to ensure their aid in preventing the repetition of a visit which, for many reasons, the young man felt convinced was especially intended for his sister.

Frederic Steinmark's attention being awakened by the earnest manner of his son, he listened, without any symptom of absence to all he had to say, and then replied:

"As far as our Lottchen is concerned, my dear Karl, I hold your precaution to be needless. Our young neighbor Jonathan would have no more power to sully the purity that you cherish so fondly, than a cloud passing before the sun, can tarnish its brightness. You were wrong, dear son, to send her out of the room so abruptly. Lotte need not run to be safe from neighbor Jonathan. In short, Karl, in his capacity of beau and libertine, I fear him not. But, looking at him in his capacity of slave-driver, I would not much have blamed your warmth, if you had fled yourself, and dragged us all in a string after you. Human nature can show nothing so abhorrent to my eyes and my heart, as the men who traffic in the muscles and sinews of the poor negroes; and this fellow, this young demon, by your account, does worse—he sells himself as a spy upon their untaught ignorance, that he may betray their idle words, and make them bleed for each of them! If fiends can take a human shape, it must be this. Let's talk no more of it; it makes me loathe my home, and almost curse the land in which I have pitched my tent: let us talk of it no more."

This command was literally obeyed. They did talk no more of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, his occupations, or his character. Nor did Jonathan Jefferson, on his side, talk much of them. It was not in words that the feelings produced by Karl's treatment of him evaporated; but deep, deep within his heart of hearts did he lay up the insult he had received. He knew, he saw, he heard, he felt,—ay, and he understood it all. Neither his egregious vanity, his prosperous ambition, the luxury in which he already lived, nor his towering hopes for the future, could so far blind, as to make him doubt, for an instant, that Karl, the German boor, scorned and reviled him,—that he had snatched his sister from his sight, as too pure and holy for his eyes, and then had dared to look upon him as he would look upon a negro.

There had been mutual scorn, dislike, and avoidance between them before, but now there was something approaching to hatred, in the breast of both; and in that of Whitlaw, a deeply-sworn promise of revenge, that he was not very likely to forget.

But to no human being did he breathe a word of the offence he had received, or of the rich atonement which it was his purpose to require, when the fitting hour should come. He answered, with apparent indifference, to his aunt's observations on Lotte's running away; but either to avoid the repetition of them, or from some other reason, it was many months before he again found leisure to leave his duties at Paradise Plantation, in order to visit Mount Etna.

With Colonel Dart, his importance appeared to increase daily. No person, indeed, could be better fitted for an employment, than was Jonathan Jefferson for that which the planter had entrusted to him. He had nothing to do with superintending the fulfilment of the negroes' tasks;—that was the duty of the different overseers, one of whom was attached to every separate gang.—The large estate of Colonel Dart grew sugar, cotton, and rice; and as the cultivation of each of these articles required a different kind of labor, and even a different species of physical power in those employed upon it, the slaves were as distinctly divided as if they had belonged to different proprietors; even the huts in which they dwelt were grouped in widely-distant parts of the property, so that Paradise Plantation could boast of three distinct negro villages. There were but two things which belonged to them all in common: these were, Colonel Dart, who was their general master, and Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, who was their general spy.

The manner in which the business belonging to this latter office was performed, might well propitiate the favor of Colonel Dart. The employment was congenial to the spirit of the employed, and was executed with intelligence, zeal, and unwearying perseverance. The task was, moreover, by no means an easy one. To watch the execution of a given portion of labor in a given time, and to spur the languid spirit or the failing strength of a suffering wretch to its performance, may require an active and unshrinking agent; but his occupation is at least easily comprehended, and requires no faculties and no qualities which may not readily be found among the white population of a slaveholding country. Not so the employment entrusted to Jonathan Jefferson: to execute it with success, demanded great readiness, tact, presence of mind, and, above all things, most consummate cunning. It was his custom, from the hour the nature of his employment was first explained to him, to assume the appearance of being occupied by a variety of duties, all very naturally belonging to the situation of a confidential clerk. Thus, he would sometimes be seen riding through the grounds with an apparatus for measuring trees; then it would be evident that he was making a map of the estate, upon which he was intent. At one time the construction of every separate hut occupied so minute an attention, that each village took several weeks to be examined and set to rights; at another, the mode of cooking the negro food demanded his peculiar care,—and this also kept him long employed upon the interior of the huts. Then again his duty took him into the fields, and the drains and ditches became the objects of his most persevering examination. On all these occasions, he had from time to time need of the assistance of such negroes, whether men, women or children, as were within his reach; and in this manner he became personally acquainted with every slave on the estate, before he had been employed upon it a year. For a long time these various pretences answered perfectly,—as far, at least, as leading the negroes to believe that his ostensible was his real business among them. But though for a while he succeeded in this, he failed totally and altogether in obtaining in any single quarter the slightest approach to confidence from the wary slaves; nor could he by any means contrive to learn aught respecting them, beyond what his eyes enabled him to perceive. His reports, therefore, were for a long time confined to the statement of a greater or less degree of cleanliness, industry, and the like; but as to how much or how little each sable victim knew of what was passing beyond the limits of Paradise Plantation—whether the attempts making in various quarters to ameliorate their condition, had been in any degree made known to them, was what he found it utterly beyond the reach of all the arts he could make use of to discover.

It was quite impossible to doubt either the intelligence or zeal of his confidential agent, and therefore Colonel Dart neither expressed, nor indeed felt anything approaching to dissatisfaction at the abortive result of his endeavors to obtain information on these very important points: he only wished him to go on as he had begun, kindly encouraging the young man to persevere, notwithstanding his want of success, by observing that if so much cleverness and ingenuity failed of discovering the mischief, he feared he should soon have the comfort of believing that it did not exist at all.

Jonathan himself, however, was not quite of this opinion. He had more than once fancied that he had heard a voice reading or praying, in his stealthy approaches to some of the more distant huts; but no sooner had the murmur reached him than it ceased,—clearly proving that, if indeed the sound itself were not imaginary, some person was on the watch to guard against surprise. On every occasion where this had occurred, he uniformly found, on entering the premises that the persons occupying them were sedulously employed in their laborious household duties, and that not the slightest trace could be discovered of their having been engaged in any other.

Young Whitlaw knew his patron too well to venture upon rousing his terrors by what might be so purely imaginary: he knew that he should probably be himself the greatest sufferer, were he to make a statement which he could in no way substantiate, and he therefore continued to report the total absence of every appearance of religious mutiny, (as the breaking in of a ray of light upon these unhappy beings is designated,) determined, at the same time, to mark well the spot whence he had fancied the forbidden sounds to have proceeded, and to omit no possible means of ascertaining whether they were real or not.

Shortly after he had made up his mind not to mention his suspicions to Colonel Dart till he had more assured grounds for them, it chanced that on two following evenings the same species of measured murmur struck his ear as he approached the remotest hut on a cotton plantation which was skirted on two sides by forest. As before, the sound ceased as he made another step in advance, after hearing it; but in both cases he found on entering the hut a young negress, who, though in the act of very busily washing linen, had, as he conceived, an air of hurry and confusion.

She was a singularly handsome girl, who had more than once attracted his attention in the fields: and he now attempted to make a sort of toying acquaintance with her, by remarking the roundness of her arms, displayed as they were nearly to the shoulder, for the convenience of her occupation.

It is singular that the only evidence his ready wit could discern to confirm his suspicions that this young negress had been guilty of pronouncing, or at least of listening to a prayer, was found in the peculiarly sweet and innocent expression of her countenance. Had an individual who felt and acknowledged the effect of religion, come to exactly the same conclusion, there would certainly have been nothing extraordinary in it: but that Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, who till eleven years of age had never entered a church or chapel of any kind, and who, excepting from occasional phrases from poor Clio, doubtful and mystical from inevitable ignorance, had scarcely heard the name of God till he was taught by his patron to watch for its being pronounced by a slave, as an overt act of mutiny—that *he* should, in a countenance expressive of the purest candor and most ingenuous modesty, see something which forcibly suggested the idea that she had been taught the worship of a Christian, is remarkable, and shows pretty plainly, despite the severity used towards them, what the general effect left on the minds of the slaveholders, must have been by those who had been found guilty of listening to religious instruction.

Young Whitlaw looked in that innocent young face, and instantly decided upon the means he would take to learn what was passing in her heart.

The fearful demoralizing effects produced among the female slaves, by the unlimited power of those placed in authority over them, together with the dreadful penalties attached to every species of disobedience, is well known to all who are in any degree acquainted with the fearful statistics of a large negro population. So deep and so general is the degradation of character consequent upon vices committed, not from weakness, but from the most inevitable and hateful necessity, that the miserable victims cease at last to be conscious of shame, though awake to suffering; and it is only where the undaunted courage of some wandering preacher of the gospel has taught them to believe that they are accountable to a Being superior to their owner, and that, beyond the wretched world that holds them now, there is a happier region for all who deserve to enter it,—except where doctrines such as these have been taught and learned, the grossest sensuality is deemed no sin.

Not such, however, was the condition of Phebe, the innocent being who now stood within the grasp of young Whitlaw. Her mother, herself, and two young sisters, had been purchased by Colonel Dart, about twelve months before, from a dealer who got them at the auction of a bankrupt's effects in a State which bordered on Ohio. There is much difficulty in guarding slaves effectually from the approach of instruction, when they are situated near a free State. The free negroes themselves are often the means of enlightening, to a certain degree, their less happy brethren; and there are few free States, in which some individuals may not be found who will gladly seize every opportunity within their reach, for the spiritual benefit of the miserable race whose condition they feel to be the greatest misfortune, as it is the greatest disgrace, of their country.

Phebe and her family had been as fortunate in their former situation in Kentucky, as they were now in every way the reverse; and a heavy addition in the case of the poor girl, to the misery produced by this change of masters, was an attachment to one of her own race, as sincere and devoted as ever glowed in the heart of a woman. This lover, who was to have become her husband in the course of a few months, was bought by another.

Till Phebe was carried away from Kentucky, she had no more idea of what the real evils of her condition were, than those have who reason upon the institution of slavery from the bosom of freedom, and judging by some (perhaps) well-authenticated history of the happiness of a virtuous negro, under the protection of a virtuous master, conceive that though, like all other human institutions, it may be liable to abuse, yet still that it is upon the whole an arrangement which admits of much mutual benefit to the parties.

There are, I believe, who honestly and conscientiously conceive this to be the case; and that it MAY have been so in individual instances, cannot be doubted: but this ought not, in the slightest degree, to influence the general question. The principle—the fearful, terrible, unholy principle—is still the same; and wherever it is admitted and acted upon, there the social system is poisoned, and vice and misery are the inevitable results.

But not only had Phebe and her family enjoyed the blessing of belonging to a kind and considerate master—they had enjoyed also the still higher advantage of being instructed, and well instructed, as responsible beings, and as immortal Christians.

A story is but ill constructed, when the relater is obliged to retrograde, yet it is sometimes very difficult to avoid it: and I believe it will be impossible to give the reader a necessary insight into the character of some of the personages the most important in my story, without referring to events which had passed before the time it comprises had begun.

In order, however, to keep the two periods as distinct as may be, my retrospect shall have a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER X.

At the distance of about ten miles from Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, is, or rather was, a fine arable and pasture farm, the neat and careful cultivation of which might have reminded a European of the fertile fields of England.

Henry Bligh, the proprietor, though he employed slaves, both as indoor and outdoor servants, detested the system, and scrupled not, though at the risk of bringing upon himself the ill-will of many, to declare, both publicly and privately, that the union of the States would never be securely cemented, till they were all governed by equal laws, and till every human being who drew breath upon their soil, might lift his voice to heaven and say, "I am an American, and therefore am free."

But the beautiful spot Henry Bligh inhabited, was his own,—it had, too, been his father's; it was his own birth place, and that of his children; and therefore, instead of seeking an abode where slavery was not, he contented himself with remaining and doing all the good in his power, where it was.

A motherless son and daughter constituted his whole family, and for many years they and their negroes continued to inhabit "Beach-tree Farm" without the relative situation of either party being a source of discomfort to the other.

Among several peculiarities in the character of Henry Bligh, was an adverseness to letting his children quit his own house and his own care. He was himself a man of literary habits and extensive reading; and under his eye, and aided solely by his instructions, Edward and Lucy Bligh acquired more general information, and more studious habits, than are often found even in the more polished parts of the Union.

It was a consciousness of this, and of the utter unfitness of both son and daughter either to increase the property he should leave them, or to enjoy life with less of easy indifference to daily expense, than he had accustomed them to, which made him listen to the proposals of an acquaintance at Lexington, for rapidly increasing his fortune by placing a small sum of ready money which he possessed, in a newly established banking concern.

The bank failed, and Henry Bligh was completely ruined. His ignorance of business had led him to conceive that the six thousand dollars he had placed in the bank, was all he risked; but his name was in the firm, and house, lands, stock, and furniture, were all seized and sold by auction, towards clearing the large demands of its creditors.

A misfortune such as this, might weigh down the spirits of any man; but poor Bligh was singularly ill calculated to support it. He, and his two pure-minded, intellectual, but very helpless children, were left utterly and literally destitute; and it was only by the sale of some articles of wearing apparel which they were permitted to retain, that their existence was for some time supported.

The only expedient which suggested itself to Edward, by which he might hope to maintain his father and sister, was the opening a day-school in the populous village near which they had lived. By the aid of a neighbor, who lent him a ruinous barn for the purpose, he so far succeeded as to be spared the agony of seeing his broken-hearted father and delicate sister actually want bread. But the exertion and fatigue which achieved this, were overwhelming, and the objects of his care saw the young cheek fade, and the bright eye grow dim, under the irksome and unwonted toil. Poor Lucy saw it, and determined to divide the labor. Without consulting either father or brother, whose principal occupation and delight had been to guard her from every care and every sorrow, she stole from the corner of their shed in which her father and herself sat apart during the hours of Edward's labor, and passing, for the first time since she left her home, through the long village street, she called at every house, begging permission to instruct their girls, at a price so low that avarice was tempted,—and in a voice so sweet, and yet so sad, that few ears could listen to it unmoved.

The consequence was, that on the following Monday Lucy's side of the barn held nearly as many pupils as Edward's.

There was much to rejoice at in this,—and perhaps they did rejoice. But the arrangement necessarily left the unhappy father more alone; and whether it were that his spirits failed the more completely from this circumstance, or that his cup was full and he could bear no more, certain it is that he declined daily and hourly from that time, and in less than three months was attended to the grave by his unhappy orphans.

It had long been Edward's intention to enter the church; but, though his father never opposed it, the putting his wish in execution had been delayed from the reluctance which Mr. Bligh felt to part with him for the period necessary for the probationary studies which must precede the taking orders.

This most unfortunate delay left him totally without profession or resource of any kind; and with a sister who was dearer to him than his own life, and whose habits were those rather of refinement than of usefulness, he had now to seek bread and shelter for both, with an aching heart and weakened health.

It is difficult to imagine consultations for the future between two young people, in which there was less of hope and more of despondency than those of Edward and Lucy Bligh. The world was before them, but it was a blank. They each felt conscious of superior powers, but more deeply conscious still of their utter incapacity to turn them to account. Lucy, though thoroughly well read, and with information equally profound and extensive, had nevertheless no accomplishments by the teaching which she might hope to gain the means of existence. Who would pay her for her love of Pascal, her familiarity with Dante, or her enthusiasm for Shakspeare?

"Would I could work at any useful trade, dear Edward!" she said, after they had canvassed the improbability that any one should think her qualified for the situation of governess. "I am still young enough to turn my thoughts away from all that has hitherto engrossed them, and to take interest in a new manner of existence; but the difficulty is to find out some handicraft of which I am capable."

"Yes, Lucy, you have proved that you can submit to toil," replied her brother. "There are few occupations I should conceive so wearing to the heart and soul as teaching children whose intellects have never been awakened beyond the yearning to have their animal wants supplied;—Lucy, it is dreadful."

"Let us not think of it; it is over for the week at least," replied his sister. "To-morrow is Sunday, Edward, and we will try to fancy that we are not—as we are. But why is it, Edward, that the task of instruction is now so terrible, when I used to take such extreme pleasure in teaching poor black Phebe? Is it possible that I am so wicked as to find delight in what was merely a matter of will or whim, and that the same thing shall become hateful to me as soon as it is my duty to do it?"

"Do not treat yourself with so great injustice, my poor girl. The teaching Phebe was a task that might have given pleasure to the most refined and and intellectual person living. Her docility, her gentleness, her intelligence, her piety, and her warm gratitude, made the office of her instructor perfectly delightful. You surely cannot compare that to the unspeakable fatigue of the occupation in which we are now engaged?"

"No, certainly, Edward; it resembles it no way, and I am heartily glad that you deem it is no wickedness of mine, which leads me to think so. Poor Phebe!—I wish I knew where and how she was. The seeing the poor faithful creatures we had endeavored to make so happy round us scattered about over the Union just as chance might decide, was not one of the least painful circumstances attending our sad downfall. And Cæsar, too, gay, kind-hearted generous Cæsar!—I would do much to know their destiny. Should they have been parted, their misery must be great indeed, for never did two young creatures love more tenderly." She ceased; but it was some minutes before Edward answered her. At length he said, "Lucy, the utter destitution of my position has sometimes suggested thoughts that, wild as I know they must appear to you, would yet have in them a world of consolation, were it not——But I will not leave you, Lucy—"

"Leave me!" exclaimed the poor girl, turning first pale and then red,—"leave me, brother!—Oh! no, you will not do that—it is impossible!"

"It is impossible, dearest,—I do not think of it; but were you placed where I could believe that you were safe and happy, I have quite decided what my destiny should be."

"Will you not tell me, Edward?"

"Yes, my love, I will, for the subject is much in my thoughts, and it will be a pleasure to me to talk to you of it. But fancy not that I think of putting it in execution: it is but one of those dreams with which the unhappy, I believe, often solace existence."

"Let me then dream with you," said his sister. "If it be a solace, let me share it."

"You shall; but take care that you do not laugh at me. You know, Lucy, what were my father's opinions respecting slavery. You know, I think, that he had amongst his books nearly every publication of every land which treated of the subject; but perhaps you do not know the deep, the engrossing interest which this subject excited in me?"

"Your reading was so general," replied his sister, "that I certainly did not remark that these publications occupied you particularly."

"They occupied me too intensely to permit my talking of them. I feared to be deemed an enthusiast on a subject to which I would willingly have brought profitable and efficient wisdom at the cost of half my life. The point on which my meditations turned by day and by night, was less the personal bondage of the negro race, than the brute ignorance in which their masters permit them to remain; an ignorance which in a thousand—ay, in a hundred thousand instances—prevents the wretched victims of our frightful laws from knowing good from evil. Had our condition remained for a few weeks longer unchanged, Lucy, I was determined, to have petitioned my father for immediate leave to obtain ordination, and then to have passed my life in journeying though the regions where this plague spot of our country is the darkest, in the hope that under the sanction of my sacred calling I might awaken some of these unfortunates to a consciousness of their immortality. This hope is passed away like every other that embellished that period of our existence; yet still my spirit seems to bear me perpetually to those scenes of misery with the description of which I have become familiar, and hopeless and helpless as I am myself, I still cannot help believing that, were I at liberty to wander forth among them, I might lead many an ignorant but innocent spirit to hold commune with Him who is not less the God of the black man than of the white. This, Lucy, is what I would attempt were it not my first and dearest duty to watch over you."

"And were it not that you lack all means for such an enterprise, Edward, and would do so no less if I lay in the grave-yard beside our father. Were it not for this, I might be still more wretched than I am, from knowning that I am a restraint upon you. Had we wherewithal to sustain life as we journeyed, I would not be your hindrance, brother, but your aid. I would go with you, and I can even think that I too might be useful. Could I but meet such pupils as my poor Phebe, I should never be weary of teaching."

All this seemed at the time but idle talk; but accident ripened the thoughts that were then dropped, and much that deeply affected the destinies of the brother and sister resulted from it.

They both pursued their labors in the village school they had instituted, successfully, though wearily, and even found that they were enabled to gain more than they required for their daily support. Their uncomplaining industry, and the conscientious manner in which they performed the duties they had undertaken, brought them all the patronage and all the assistance which the poor neighborhood could give; and it is probable that they might long have continued in the same occupation, had not the arrival of the following letter awakened feelings which led them to a different and much less tranquil mode of life.

The letter was from black Phebe, the affectionately remembered slave and pupil of Lucy Bligh.

HONORED LADY AND MISTRESS,

"Grief and sorrow are at my heart. I wish our God had not made it his command that we must not die and go to him, when sufferings come too much to bear. I do not think that you, or our kind master or our Master Edward, know anything at all about what being a slave means in this fearful country near Natchez. It means labor till strength fails—stripes till the blood runs down—wickedness till God must turn away his face—and shame, and suffering, and wo, till life seems worse, much worse than death.

"Dear and honored mistress, I write to ask if you can tell me where my promised husband is. Oh, my poor Cæsar!—if he could see me and all that is about me! Perhaps Cæsar is dead. I sometimes think he must be; and if I knew it, I think, dear honored mistress, I should die too, without offending God."

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The letter then proceeded, at greater length than is necessary for the reader to follow, to describe the state of Colonel Dart's slaves—their ignorance, their vice, and their sufferings—and concluded by saying, that if the unhappy writer heard nothing as to the fate of her lover, concerning the protectors, the friends, and instructors of her youth, she thought these would prove to be her dying words, for that she felt her heart sinking within her, and trusted that God would take her to his mercy before she had suffered much more.

How poor Phebe had contrived to convey her melancholy letter to the post remained a mystery; but its effect upon her former mistress proved that she had not overrated the interest felt for her by those from whom she had been so cruelly torn. Lucy wept over it bitterly, and when she put it into her brother's hand, she said, with a feeling of enthusiasm almost equal to his own, "Edward! if we had one hundred dollars in the world, I should say that, useless and unconnected with the world as we are, we should do well to set forth together on a pilgrimage to the wretched land where our poor Phebe and her fellow sufferers languish. We should have no power to redeem them from their worse than Egyptian bondage; but might we not be enabled to throw such light upon the everlasting future, as might teach them to feel with less bitterness the miseries of the dreadful but passing hours of the present?"

Lucy's soft eyes were lighted up with energy and earnestness that her brother had never seen in them before. He took Phebe's letter, and having perused it attentively, returned it in silence, and left the little room which by degrees he had converted into a decent shelter. In a few minutes he returned, bearing in his hand a small box, which he opened, and poured the contents into his sister's lap.

"Here are forty dollars, Lucy," he said, "obtained partly by the sale of linen which was no longer fit for my use, and partly by the little weekly savings we have made since my poor father's death. This sum is already sufficient to convey us to Natchez, and to support us in the manner in which we now live for several months. I do believe, my sister, that we are called to this work. The singular education we have received, and the still more singular isolation of our condition seems to point us out as belonging to those who, having no worldly ties to withhold them, should go forth amongst the wretched and the ignorant to pour the balm of God's word into their hearts. While I thought you, Lucy, unequal to the task, I put the hope of performing it far from me, for I deemed that my first duty was to cherish and protect my orphan sister: but now—now that I read in your eyes the same devotion to this cause which I feel at my own heart, shall I, from any cowardly misgivings of your strength or my own, attempt to check your holy zeal? Forbid it Heaven!—I am ready, Lucy. Let us finish the labors of the week, dispose of the trifles we have collected round us, and armed with the courage which such a cause should give, let us set forth for the plantations of Louisiana. Perhaps we may again find bread, by collecting a school among the white settlers in the forest behind Natchez. But this is a secondary consideration. Lucy, have you courage to do this?"

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings of Lucy Bligh as she listened to this proposal. What she had uttered in the first warmth of her feelings on reading the malancholy statement of the poor slave, though as perfect in truth as her own spotless heart, was nevertheless spoken with such a conviction that the scheme she mentioned was impracticable, that her mind had in fact never contemplated the dangers and difficulties it must involve. But now that it was at once brought before her as a thing to be done, or not done, according to her judgment and her will, she trembled.

"If, indeed, my brother, you deem this great enterprise possible, and our duty, I will follow you in it, body and soul, so long as nature shall give me strength to do so."

It was thus that, after a few moments' delay, Lucy replied to the unexpected proposal; and if the fervor of her consent was tempered by a shade of timidity, her brother saw it not. The most earnest wish of his heart was about to be fulfilled; enthusiasm had taken the place of all ordinary considerations of prudence, and even the dangers and difficulties which his sister must inevitably encounter appeared to his exalted feelings only a ray the more in the crown of glory they were about to win.

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Their walk to the banks of the Ohio, their embarkation on board a steam-boat, the various sufferings of the delicate Lucy during her deck passage of many days, and the changeful feelings of her brother, wavering between the tenderness of a man and the sternness of a martyr, must be passed by without any detailed description; and the reader must rest contented with knowing that at the distance of one month from the period of the conversation I have last recorded, the brother and sister had established themselves in a small room, with a loft over it, at an obscure clearing in the forest to the northeast of Natchez, which made part of the premises of a poor back-woodsman, who thankfully restricted his family to the use of half their dwelling, for the consideration of twenty-five cents per week, as the rent of the remainder.

The curiosity of their host and his wife was satisfied or baffled by being informed that they were an orphan brother and sister desirous of gaining a living by instructing the children of the neighboring settlers. As this statement was strictly true, it was threatened with no danger from any discovery; and as their scholars were not at first very numerous, the long rambles which Edward took in the forest and neighborhood attracted neither attention nor inquiry.

In a country so thickly peopled with slaves as Natchez and its vicinity, it was but too easy for the enthusiastic and persevering Edward Bligh to discover a multitude of human beings totally deficient in that knowledge which it was the sole passion of his young heart to spread abroad. And never did a hope more holy, an ambition more sublime, engross the soul of man. Remote as is good from evil, was the principle which sent him forth, thus self-elected and self-devoted, to raise the poor crushed victims of an infernal tyranny from the state of grovelling ignorance to which they were chained by their well-calculating masters, from that which swells with most unrighteous vanity the hearts of many among ourselves, inclined to separate from the established faith in which they were educated, and to hold themselves apart, as chosen saints and apostles of another.

As well might a philanthropist laboring in a desert where no abler hand could be found to minister relief to the sick and suffering—as well might such a one be compared to the audacious quack who, thrusting instructed science aside, claims reverence for his own daring ignorance, as Edward Bligh to the self-seeking fanatics who canker our establishment.

It is true, indeed, that the praise justly due to his excellent intentions cannot be as fully accorded to his prudence. His judgment was unquestionably shaken by the fervor of his zeal, or he would not have urged his young sister to an enterprise so pregnant with difficulty and danger. But this chapter is a retrospect, and therefore must not forestall the future.

About two months before the domiciliary visit of young Whitlaw to the hut of Phebe's mother, Lucy and Edward Bligh had found means to see and converse with their former dependants. But terror at the idea of being discovered to hold intercourse with strangers almost conquered the delight with which the affectionate Phebe greeted her beloved mistress, and nearly all their subsequent meetings had been held at dead of night in the depth of the forest which divided the boundary of Colonel Dart's plantation from the dwelling which sheltered the Bligh's.

Phebe's hut was very favorably situated for her stealing to these midnight meetings. A clear spring, which rose near the verge of the woods, had led to the erection of a washing house beside it: in this house Phebe and her mother had been recently placed as laundresses to part of the establishment; and as no other dwelling was within sight, the grateful and affectionate girl ran little risk of discovery when creeping from her pallet into the forest, and returning to it again before sunrise.

Before leaving Kentucky, Edward Bligh ascertained from the auctioneer who sold his father's slaves that Cæsar had become the property of a manufacturer at New-Orleans; intelligence which caused as great joy to Phebe, as the knowledge that the loved one was living next door might have done to a less despairing mistress. Having satisfied the poor girl on this point, Edward proceeded to explain to her the hopes which had brought him to the scene her letter described as so full of misery and sin. The dialogue which followed this communication may throw some light on the circumstances which took place afterwards.

"I hope, Phebe," said Edward, "that you will be able to put me in the way of awakening your miserable fellow-laborers to a sense of their own importance in the sight of Heaven, and to the blessed hope of happiness in a life to come."

"Ah! dear master Edward!" replied Phebe, "the poor black souls think only but of their bodies in this world, and their stripes and their labor and their bad food when the overseer is angry. They will not believe that there is a good God in heaven watching to make it all up to them by-and-by."

"Have you never told them this, Phebe?"

"When first I came, master Edward, and heard them speak, and saw them do, like beings having no souls for the life that is to be after this is over, and when I thought of Cæsar, and that I should never see him more till I met him in heaven, I prayed on my knees every night, when all the world was sleeping except Phebe—I prayed to God to let me die."

"Phebe!" interrupted Edward somewhat sternly.

"Master Edward!—don't think me grown bad!—I know it was a sin, I found it out myself, though I had no church to go to, no good master to tell me what was right, no Bible to read—I found it out in my own heart, and I prayed to God to forgive me, and then I strove to do good to those lower, and more wretched than myself, but they could not understand one word I said."

"Then it is the more necessary, Phebe, that we should endeavor to instruct them. Did they receive kindly what you said to them?"

"Alas! no, Master Edward, I would not have your ears hear, and still less my dear Miss Lucy's the terrible words and deeds spoken and done here. The negroes of this country are very miserable—but they are very wicked, too."

"Perhaps it is not their fault, Phebe," said Lucy, "perhaps they might be easily reclaimed, if one could be found, who, without being a slave himself, could feel for slaves. Do you not think that they would listen to Edward?"

"And where could they listen to him, Miss Lucy?—In the grounds?—Why, if they did but stop to raise their eyes to him, the lash would be on their backs. And think you Master Edward himself would be safe? No! no! You must not peril your precious life, Master Edward, for such as we are. Do you not know that the planters have sworn together to take vengeance on any one who should only be caught teaching a negro to read? And how much more dreadful vengeance would they take on any who should dare to say that the soul of a black man is like the soul of a white one!—You must not think of it, Master Edward,—your life would pay for it."

"And my life shall pay for it, Phebe, if such be the will of Heaven," replied the enthusiast. "Do not throw difficulties in my way, my good girl, by endeavouring to terrify my sister. I am here to preach the doctrine of hope and salvation to the despairing slaves, and neither hardships nor sufferings, nor danger, nor threatenings—no, nor death itself, shall appal me. So help me Heaven as I keep my word!"

The solemn silence of the night as Edward Bligh uttered these words in the deep still voice of profound emotion added to their effect. The moon shed, through the light boughs of the locust trees under which they walked, a soft pale light on the uplifted face of the young man, which seemed to give an unearthly expression to his countenance.—He raised his hat reverently from his brow as he spoke, the cool night-breeze blew the dark curls from his forehead, and as he raised his eyes to heaven, he might have furnished the finest model for a representation of youthful piety that ever blessed a painter.

Phebe gazed at him with reverence, and suddenly dropping on her knees, exclaimed, "Then may Heaven help your work, Master Edward! And Phebe, would die too, rather than hinder it: but do not let them see you, Master Edward—the master is——"

"It matters not, Phebe, what he is," resumed Edward. "But kneel not to me, poor child; kneel before the throne of God, and pray for power to help me to perform the task he sets me. You may do it, Phebe,—you may do much to help me."

"Tell me what it is, and I will do it," replied the girl, "though they should lash me into rags for it. What is it I can do, Master Edward?"

Edward Bligh did not reply immediately. Perhaps some feeling of doubt and dread as to the peril to which the poor slave would be exposed if discovered to be his agent kept him awhile in suspense; but the impulse that urged him onward in defiance of every danger which might befall himself and his still dearer sister soon drove before it whatever reluctance this thought might have created: he paused in his walk, and the two young girls who were on each side of him pausing likewise, looked up into his young and beautiful countenance as if they were to read their destiny there.

It is no light and easy task, Phebe, to which Heaven has called us. The circumstances of our lives, though we are still very young, have been so strangely ordered that we cannot but see the hand of God in it. An immediate Providence is surely visible in the arrangement of that series of events which, contrary to all human calculation, has brought us thus together on the spot where, perhaps, beyond all others upon earth, we may hope to serve the cause for which the Son of the Most High gave his own sacred blood. In this belief we shall find hope, strength, long-suffering, and courage, unto the end. Have you this belief, Phebe?"

"I do believe that you, Master Edward, may have been chosen by the wise God to teach and to save poor negroes. But I!—Oh, no! that would be to think myself equal to you and to Miss Lucy. But I do not want such a thought as that to make me faithful. Tell me what to do; and if I do it not, then scorn the poor black girl, even as she is scorned by all other white men. What shall I do, Master Edward?"

"First, Phebe," replied Edward, "endeavor to ascertain with certainty who among the numerous slaves who are your fellow-laborers on the estate to which you belong are the most likely to listen to the word of God. Let me and my sister know their names, and in what quarter they are employed. It will then be necessary before we begin our work, to arrange the time and place where, with the least danger to themselves, they may be able to meet and listen to us. When this is done, we must take measures to receive them. You thus perceive, my good Phebe, that your services will be most essential to us."

Phebe's only reply was again dropping on her knees, and kissing the ground that his advancing step would press—but she spoke not a single word. Then, rising to her feet, she resumed her place beside him; but as she did so, a deep sigh smote on the ear of Lucy.

"You sigh, Phebe!" said her former mistress kindly. "Be candid with us—conceal nothing!—Tell me why is it that you sigh thus heavily?——Something is on your mind, Phebe. You fear to do what Edward asks of you."

"Miss Lucy!" said the girl, suddenly standing still, "thanks to yourblessed teaching, I know much—for a poor black girl, I know very much, and may the God of all knowledge reward you for it. But still my mind is dark compared to yours; and if I sigh, it is because I cannot see—not so clearly as I ought to see—beyond the stripes and chains, and tortures that must come upon us here. Tell me, dear mistress, dear master—tell me, when we are dead, when we have died for this business we have got to do, will not both of you be great and powerful, and high and happy—very, very happy in heaven?"

"Die for it, Phebe!" exclaimed Lucy, trembling,—"Die for it?—Surely the reading the Bible to such of the poor slaves as wish to hear it can endanger the life of no one."

"You are terrified, my poor girl" said Edward, gently; "do not be afraid to tell me so. You fear the overseer's lash—is it not so? I will not involve you in the business, Phebe; I will myself make acquaintance from time to time among the slaves when they are least watched—and I will only seek the aid of Heaven."

The black girl burst into tears.

"Oh! could I speak as you speak, Master Edward," she said,—"could I know how to show what is in my heart—you would not think that it was the overseer's lash, nor any other thing that could harm *me*, that made me fear to help you in this.—But I know one thing, one dreadful thing better than you do—I know that to teach a slave will bring down vengeance on Miss Lucy and on you; I know it, and my blood runs cold as I look at you both, with the soft, quiet moonlight that seems full of God's own goodness shining on you—when, perhaps the next time it comes round again it may light the wicked ones to look for you—and to find you."

Phebe ceased to speak, for tears choked her utterence, and neither of her companions answered her. Edward was weighing solemnly, and, as he hoped, wisely, the purport of her words; and Lucy remained in anxious expectation that he would answer them. But it was Phebe who again spoke. She dashed the tears from her eyes, and said with firmness,

"Now, dear master—now, dear mistress, I have told you all, and never more will Phebe speak a backward word concerning the good work. If you die for it, happy and glorified will I be to die with you. I know two slaves, Master Edward, that I think will listen to me at once; shall I bring them just to those dark trees to-morrow night?" she said, pointing to a group of ilex.

The young slave now spoke without faltering; she knew the danger they were about to incur infinitely better than her hearers did. Of this she was well aware, and the idea that it was her duty to tell them so, and perhaps thereby to check their hopes, had made this conversation terrible to her. But never did martyr give himself body and soul to the work which he knew must bring him to the stake, more devotedly than did black Phebe henceforward bind herself to this. Her last word of warning was uttered.

If Edward Bligh had listened with doubt and dread to her predictions for one short moment, it was infinitely more for the sake of his beloved sister, and also of the poor slave herself, than from any consideration touching his personal safety.—When, therefore, Phebe's last words seemed to urge him on, he caught them as if they were a fresh awakening sent from heaven, and at once, and, as he hoped, forever, shaking off the creeking sense of danger which had unnerved him for an instant, he eagerly accepted the appointment, and then dismissed her to mother's hut with an ardent and affectionate blessing; after which he carefully led back his trembling sister through a narrow forest-path to her humble, anxious pillow. Their walk was wholly silent, each being absorbed by thoughts which worked too strongly within them to permit of conversation.

Edward's soul was wrapped into the highest state of enthusiasm. He now felt himself launched on the career which he had so long and ardently desired to pursue; while Lucy pondered heavily the words of fearful foreboding to which the too well-instructed slave had given utterance.

After this statement, the reader will be at no loss to divine whose voice it was which had from time to time reached the ear of young Whitlaw in sounds which seemed to indicate reading and prayer; nor will it be difficult for him conceive with what feelings the wretched Phebe listed to the licentious proposals of the man whose eye she knew was open and watchful to discover what she would willingly have given her life to hide.

With ingenuity inspired by affection, she had hitherto contrived effectually to conceal the visits of Edward at two or three of the remotest huts. His converts already amounted to fifty; and the more numerous they became, the more difficult was it to guard against surprise. But so ably had this young girl arranged the manner of their meetings, which were never general, except at dead of night and in the thickest covert of the forest, that not all the watchfulness of Whitlaw had hitherto enabled him to make any discovery. The voice he had heard was indeed that of Edward Bligh; but his auditors at these times never exceeded three or four, whom he deemed to be in want of especial instruction; and on such occasions Phebe not only kept guard, but had previously taken measures so effectually to ensure the timely retreat of those assembled, as to have rendered the repeated interruptions of Whitlaw